DECEMBER 13, 1974 60 CENTS

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES

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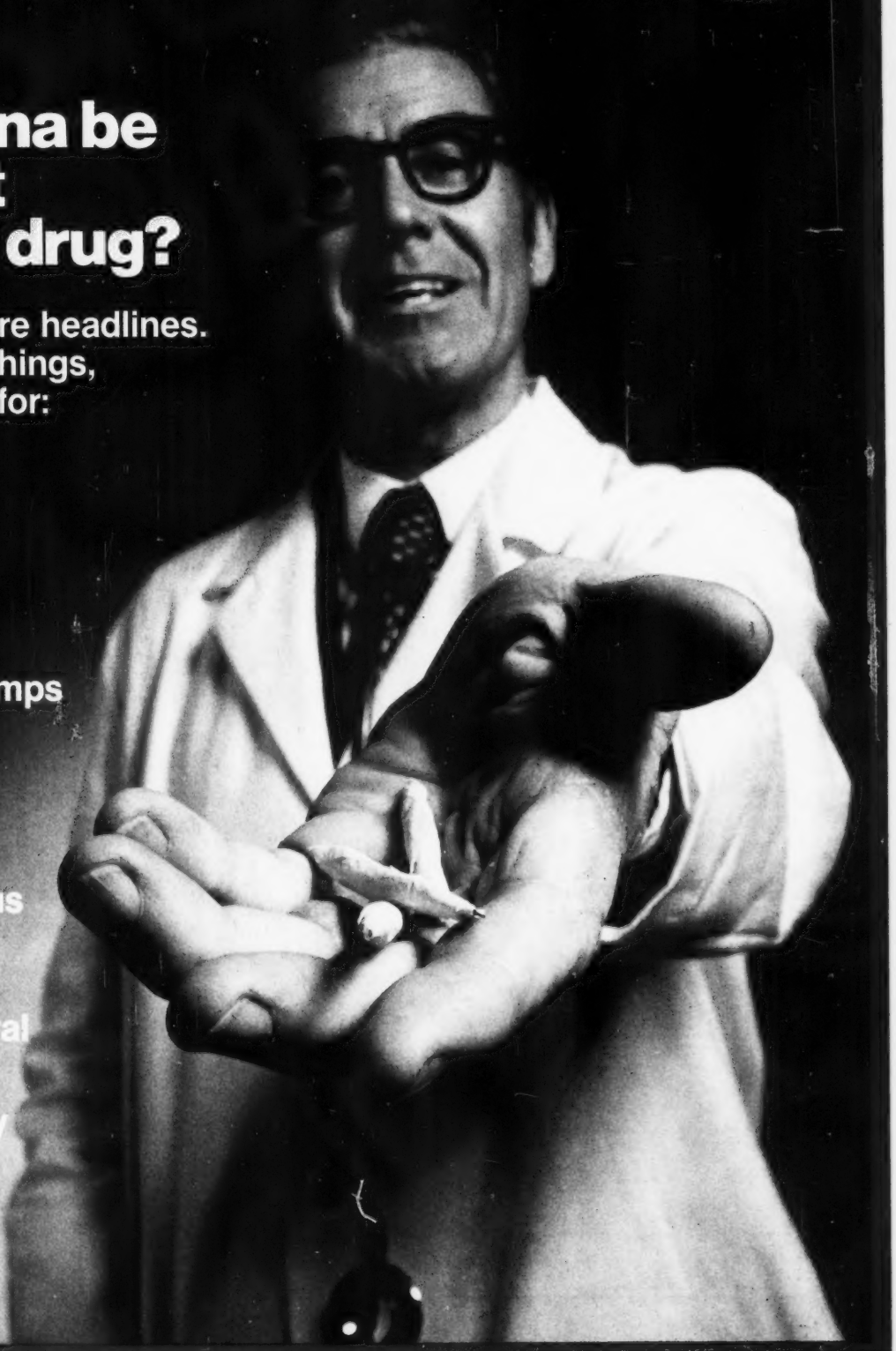

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47 100 pieces sterling flatware	48 100 lb. box of chocolates	49 100 $5 chips in Vegas*	50 100 mins. in a gondola in Venice*	51 100 lbs. filet mignon	52 100 power telescope and tripod	53 100 hrs. Mardi Gras in Rio*
54 100 thous. buttons and sewing machine	55 100 sq. in. remote control color TV	56 100 dives and scuba gear	57 100 year old weather vane	58 100 $5 bills	59 100 silk flowers	60 100 packs film and Polaroid SX-70
61 100 lbs. modeling clay	62 100 doz. boxes animal crackers	63 100 qts. root beer	64 100 pts. pickled watermelon	65 100 $10 bags groceries	66 100 boxes Engraved engraved stationery	67 100 sq. ft. sail and sailboat
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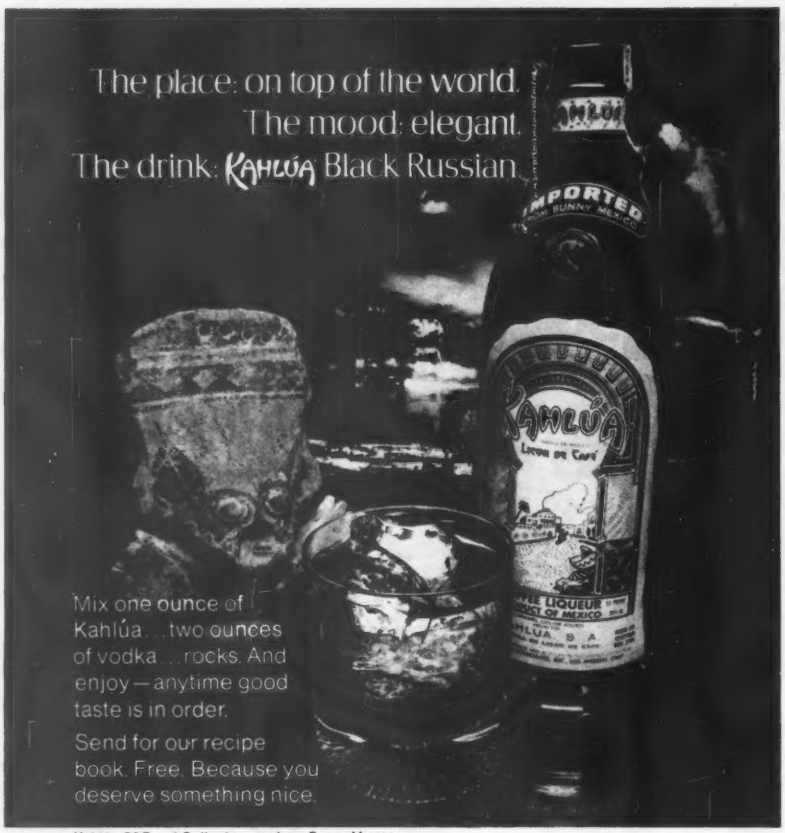
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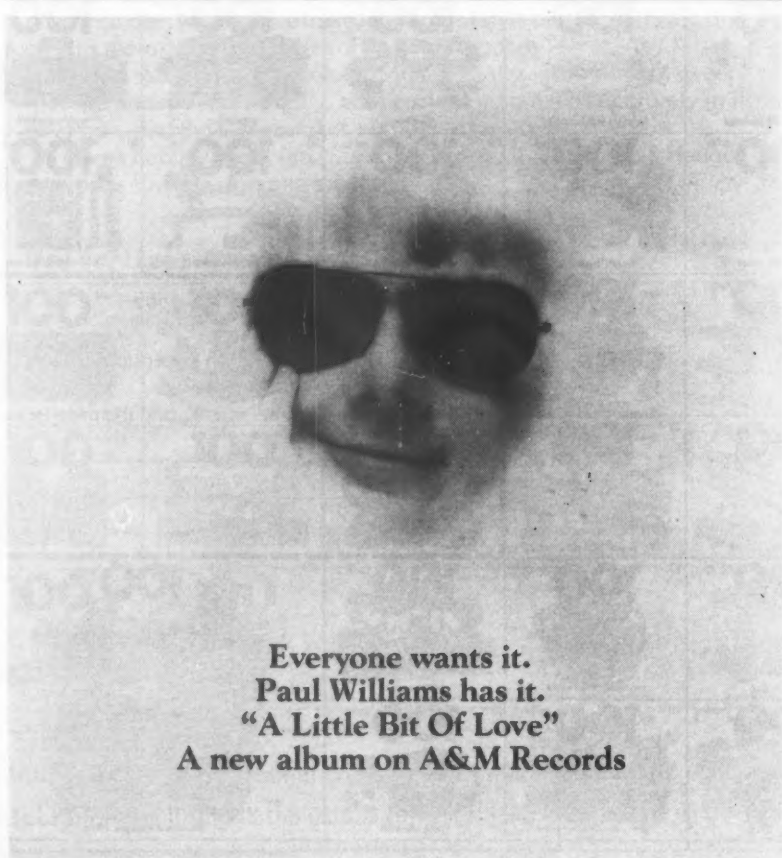

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NEW TIMES, December 13, Volume 3, Number 12

TOP OF THE NEWS

A Wallace is a Wallace is a Wallace *As the '76 campaign gets under way, the word has been put out that George Wallace's racial views have moderated. The record tells a different story* **By Peter Ross Range** 18

Attention: smoking grass may be good for your health *Used in moderation, grass will not make you impotent, damage your memory or kill you. But it could help cure your asthma, relieve your migraine, inhibit cancer and give you a new lease on life* **By Richard Lance Christie** 24

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Poorboy's Christmas Gift Guide **By Paul Slansky** 33

Taking TOTAL CONTROL *In which Eddie Livingstone, used car salesman extraordinaire, explains how he bilks every "Gort" who comes his way* **By Robert Ward** 36

LOCAL COLOR

Van Camp's ladies of the night *I figured that working all night in the cannery would give me time to think about my future, my life. But for the 256 other women, Stokely Van Camp is their future, their life* **By Laura Parker** 44

Side Trips *Live from Macy's, the Dick and Gore show;* **by Jesse Kornbluth;** *Brave new Tomorrowland,* **by Edwin Black** 50

THE ARTS

Scenes from Liv Ullmann *Yonder peasant, who is she?* **By Richard Kramer** 52

LETTERS page 4
SLOW DOWN page 6
FULMINATIONS page 8
CLIPPINGS page 13
THE INSIDER page 14

REVIEWS:
Movies: *Lenny* page 56
Books: Gift book round-up page 64
FINAL TRIBUTE
The goal post shadows lengthen on the W.F.L.
By Mark Goodman
page 68

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

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8-Wide World. 30-Wide World. 56-United Artists Corporation. 62-Faces International Corporation.

November 29, 1974 Issue/P. 33, "California Hillbillies Fight Back," Photograph of Anon Forrest by Peter Simon.

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LETTERS

A cause for tears

After reading "Southie Is My Home Town" (November 15) I know now what Christ meant when he said, "Mother, weep not for me, but for your children."

Jean Burke
Farmingdale, New Jersey

The article on forced busing in Boston is one of the best I've ever read. Finally someone has had the nerve to tell it like it really is.

There are many Americans who applaud the people of Southie for speaking up for what they believe in. It's time for the rich, white liberals to cease forcing their false morality upon the nation's poor.

Kerry G. Price
Florence, Arizona

With regard to the following from the article "Southie Is My Home Town": "And where else but in Southie do parents get their five-year-olds out of bed well before dawn to take them to play hockey for the Mighty Mites?" May I suggest Cherry Hill, New Jersey.

Perhaps the Southie spirit is much more widespread than any one of us is willing to admit.

Thomas A. Guenther
Runnemede, New Jersey

I found the article "Southie Is My Home Town" quite interesting. The whole scene is really quite ironic and sad. The interview with the teenagers who were stoned is almost funny. They are shouting that the I.R.A. will help them. Too bad the I.R.A. are fighting for the same civil rights that the blacks are fighting for in Boston! And I loved all those heathens praying the rosary beseeching God that He change Judge Garrity's mind! And good ole Dennie O'Shea. It's good to see he is fighting for his liberty in a peaceful manner. Guerrilla warfare and a case of beer. How could we forget the Ku Klux Klan marching with the Irish Catholics! If I remember correctly, the Ku Klux Klan can't stand blacks, Jews and Catholics. How very interesting!

Then there is Tommy Lee, who hates boneheads because his mother hates them. Come on Tommy, grow up and don't be a mama's boy all your life. No, I'm not black. In fact my parents are from Mayo. No, I don't live in the suburbs. I live in the city of Chicago. No, I'm not a bleeding heart liberal. I come from a straight, Irish Catholic, middle-class family and upbringing. It's just that no matter whom you bus there isn't a book in the world that will teach us how not to be prejudiced or ignorant!

Sheila O'Keefe
Chicago, Illinois

The recent right-wing trend—astounding in your recent one-sided Boston issue with several other articles therein—is enough to make me decide that, if anything, we will buy *New Times* at the store for a while to see if the trend continues. If it does, we just won't need it.

C.L. Hobbs
Passaic, New Jersey

Winner take all

Why all the "sour grapes"-ing about Rocky? After all, he is the epitome of all that is truly American: corporate and political influence leading to personal gains, at the cost of whatever conflicts with the attainment of those gains. It seems silly to criticize the winner of the game when the game itself is deserving of criticism. It is even more silly to expect that an isolated exposure like that of Watergate, et al., could prompt the American public to denounce the mighty Corporate State . . . especially this late in the game.

The development of our exaggerated national values has prohibited the *Greening of America*, which seems to be the only way the Rocky-ettes could ever be taken out of control. So why not just change those values?

Robert Sturtz
Princeton, New Jersey

Too true

Edward Roeder did a fine job in his article "The Consulting Con Game" (November 15). What he states as generalizations are all too true. Alas, universities look too favorably upon those who receive grants, regardless of the validity of the research, because the top administrators want the overhead money to spend as they wish. This has led numerous administrators into patently dishonest activities, as Roeder points out.

Hopefully, articles like Roeder's will lead grantors, legislators and government executives to become more careful and realistic. Avarice is hard to control. Clearly, lots of publicity helps.

Richard Kip
Jacksonville, Florida

Where to find est

I have greatly enjoyed *New Times* and read with much interest the article on Werner Erhard (October 18). Do you know how to contact his group for purposes of enrolling in one of his seminars?

Charles Hawkins
Reno, Nevada

Editor's Note: All future inquiries concerning est can be answered by writing to either of the following addresses:

est 1750 Union Street San Francisco, CA 94123	est 156 West 13th Street New York, NY 10011

Keeping it in the family

I read James S. Kunen's article "Slow Down" and feel there is little our country should or can do about the starving millions of the world. I have been convinced by the critics of the United States' intervention in Vietnam that the U.S. should stay out of the internal affairs of other countries. Otherwise we would only receive more criticism for our efforts. The oil producing countries say that if the rest of the world wants their oil, then the consumers must pay for it. I say that if the rest of the world wants our food, then let them pay for it.

When a population overpopulates a region, one of the ways the imbalance is corrected is through famine and starvation. It is most unfortunate that millions will starve, yet food from the U.S. will only delay the final reckoning. The laws of the universe and nature were never known for their Christian ethic.

John P. Hiestand
Cincinnati, Ohio

James Kunen wrote his article with the intent, no doubt, to arouse the desire in a few to push for less military spending and more "assistance spending." However, with Kunen's apparent preoccupation with the

U.S.' military efforts, very little light was shed upon "poor, starving people." Only one sentence mentioned *our* poor and starving. Why is the U.S. always the heavy? No matter how much or how little other countries give, we have to give more. How much did the world give to our Mississippi Delta people during the last flood or to the Susquehanna River people in 1972? Not even an old shoe!

So to your article I say: it'll make good kindling when the natural gas supply runs out!

Louis J. Aachman
Baltimore, Maryland

Foolish consistency

Lynn Darling's excellent article "A cause without rebels" (November 29) led me to question the real potential political impact of the Right-To-Life movement at the polls. My research shows their claimed power to be nonexistent. Of the 79 House members who voted consistently for right-to-life measures, 11 were defeated for reelection, four retired, and three others lost campaigns for higher office. Thirty-seven of the 38 members who have consistently voted against the anti-abortion group will return to Congress in January.

Jeff A. Schnepper,
professor
State University College of Arts and Science
Genesco, N.Y.

The thing I like most about *New Times* is the variety of opinions expressed by the writers. The consequent controversy should be good for the mental exercise of your readers, if they aren't thrown for a loss by being accustomed to the predigested reporting of the other new magazines.

Being one of those pro-lifers who isn't supposed to exist except as window dressing, I can't help wishing Lynn Darling had stepped back a bit and taken a somewhat longer view of the movement before writing for your November 29 issue. She'd have found a great many of us who are interested not merely in stopping the abortion of so-called unwanted children, but more important, in providing realistic alternatives. These include counseling, maternity clinics and adoption agencies. The last are a particularly important part of the picture. There are few truly unwanted children anymore, with so few available for adoption and so many people wanting to adopt them. Further, I could argue the validity of at least two of the congressional polls of their constituents, and an objective reporter would have done the same.

Thomas Norton
Annapolis, Maryland

Who did it?

Jack Friedman's article "Stealing New York" (November 15) was super. However, I have to agree with Ralphie (whom I assume is a junkie) that junkies really couldn't be responsible for most of these crimes. I just don't think they are capable of that kind of clear-headed, clever thinking. More likely, it's bored kids or grown-ups who have no respect for anything.

L. Solte
New York City

Goal achieved

I think Craig Unger misses the point of the SX-70 (November 29). He doesn't mention that Land actually first imagined such a camera in 1943, a camera that by completely eliminating complexities and inhibitive time delays would enable every person to express himself aesthetically through photographs. The previous Polaroid cameras have been steps, each one cumulative, toward his goal.

Thus, far from being "an attempt to wring the last out of an already saturated market," as Unger says, the SX-70 has been the objective and ideal of 30 years of research and manufacturing experience (and, in my opinion at least, achieves the aims set in 1943 with remarkable unity and success). For some reason, there are people who find in this something to criticize—perhaps Polaroid doesn't fit into their world view. But I am grateful for the pictures I take with my SX-70, and I am grateful for Polaroid's example.

Stewart W. Wilson
Concord, Massachusetts

As a woman I'm really tired of reading the sexist trivia you gather. Four of the eight excerpts in your November 29 "Clippings" section are on breasts. However, I've yet to see you print anything about penises. Do they not stand up as an equally newsworthy item?

As a Polaroid employee, Mr. Unger's article on the SX-70 camera strikes me as a pretty cheap shot. It sounds as though someone here made him pretty angry.

It is enlightening to know that in addition to hunger, war, pollution, inflation, etc., we shouldn't be overlooking cameras and Earth Shoes as possible destroyers of our civilization.

New Times? Same old crap.

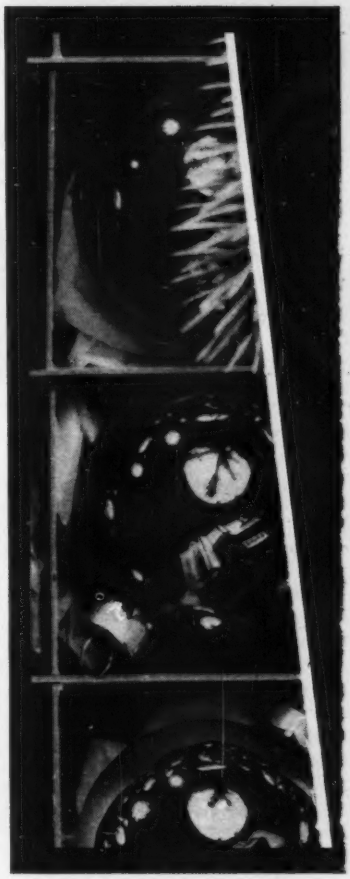
Sandra Pilotto
Boston, Massachusetts

'Fessing up

C'mon, 'fess up. Who's the master of parody on your staff who composed Hubert H. Humphrey's pep talk "My Life With Football," November 15)?

Patrick J. Sullivan
Fairfax, California

Editor's Note: We've received a number of letters recently inquiring whether a couple of stories we ran were straight or parody. For the record, the letters from celebrities on football, which appeared a couple of issues back, were absolutely authentic—yes, even Hubert Humphrey's.



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in a pear tree.

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Can money buy happiness?

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

Si possis recte, si non, quocumque modo rem.
Horace

What do satin sheets, gasoline, sugar and happiness have in common?

They all cost money.

That is my reluctant conclusion.

I was prompted to research the question—Can money buy happiness?—by my daily newspaper (20¢), which is full of items about the impending financial disaster. I hoped to confirm the thesis that money can *not* buy happiness, in order to buck myself up for the adversity ahead. Such are the hazards of inquiry.

The first thing I did was call four people who'd each won $1 million in the New York State Lottery.

"Did it change your life?" I asked one, who was a gravedigger.

"Nah," he said.

"Are you happy now?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'm happy." he said. "I was happy *before*."

None of the winners had experienced any of the life-wrenching complications which the objects of John Beresford Tipton's largesse used to run into on TV. None had moved, or left their jobs. They all just put the money in the bank. They said that the money had brought neither happiness nor unhappiness, but security. They all sounded pretty happy to me, however.

But what do I know of happiness? If you want to learn about life, you've got to look in books. I went to the library of a great eastern university, found "happiness" in the subject file drawer marked "handbags to hardcore unemployed," and this is what I discovered:

Streib and Thompson of Cornell University found that among 2,009 males throughout the country interviewed in 1952 and '54, ". . . dejection and dissatisfaction with life were inversely correlated with the amount of income received . . . the higher the income, the less the dejection and dissatisfaction."

Based on a survey of 2,016 individuals in four Illinois towns in 1962, Bradburn and Caplovitz (*Reports on Happiness*, 1965) concluded that ". . . to a large extent, differences in happiness level can be attributed to differences in social status." Thirty-eight percent of people who earned $10,000 or more a year considered themselves "very happy," whereas among people making less than $3,000 a year, only 14 percent called themselves "very happy." Conversely, only 8 percent of the high income group rated themselves "not too happy"; but 31 percent of the under $3,000 group described themselves that way.

A Cornell University study of 170,000 individuals in New York City in the 1950s determined that more than three times as many people of "low social-economic status" were "emotionally depressed" than high status people.

The felicity of wealth is borne out by all indicators.

Bradburn and Caplovitz found that anxiety generally declined with increasing income, as did marital difficulties. Among men whose socio-economic status was "high," 17 percent rated their marriages as "average or not too happy." Thirty-three percent of those with "low" status put their marriages in that category.

Malzberg (in *Journal of Studies of Alcohol*, 1960) found a marked inverse relation between economic status and the prevalence of alcoholic psychoses.

Hollingshead and Redlich (*Social Class and Mental Illness*, 1958) found a relationship between class status and mental illness in New Haven, Connecticut. (A case of mental illness was defined as a person being cared for by a psychiatrist.) The wealthy had a rate of 553 cases per 100,000 population. The middle class rate was comparable: 528. Among the working class, the prevalence of mental illness was higher: 665 cases per 100,000. But among the poor, the rate jumped: 1,668 per 100,000 poor people were under psychiatric care.

Mental illness among the rich was not only rarer than among the poor, it was less severe. Thirty-five percent of the treated illness among the wealthy was neurotic rather than psychotic in nature. Ninety percent of the poor being treated were classed as psychotic.

The salutary effects of money shape not only personal adjustment, but social and political outlook. Michael Harrington, in *The Other America*, cites a 1959 Gallup Poll which revealed that "as one went up the income scale, the opinion of the world tended to brighten." The poor were much more likely than the rich to think that World War III was coming, or to expect an economic collapse around the corner.

If we do stumble into a depression, even that will not depress the moneyed. . . . The psychological impact of economic depression is felt primarily by those most directly affected, that is, those with lower education and income . . . ," Bradburn and Caplovitz found. "One of the important effects of economic depression, in relation to psychological reaction, is the sharpening of the difference in levels of happiness between different social classes."

The facts are clear. You can be poor and depressed or rich and happy. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

How *much* money does happiness cost?

If you have to ask, you can't afford it. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

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Caesar 1, Brutus 0

FULMINATIONS

By Larry L. King

He can't die a martyr now. They won't be able to fumigate him for history's odor or recreate him in a bronze statue people won't laugh at. They can't urge the proposition that he was a good man hounded by pinko-libs getting even for Alger Hiss, or that trusted aides dirked him while his back was turned. Nawsir, folks, there ain't a hint of Brutus in it. It's as if Caesar had ripped a blade from beneath his toga and stabbed himself. Clumsily.

The only president who found it prudent to publicly announce he was no crook, and who told us "the whole truth" several times too often, stands convicted—by his own voice and in his own words—of being a pluperfect liar and the kind of crook they would list in *The Guinness Book of World Records* if they sponsored such a category. Thank you, Mr. ex-President, for the use of your very own petard; those new Watergate trial tapes constitute one dilly of a hoisting.

Perhaps you are weary of hearing the particulars of how one Richard Nixon, a dozen years ahead of 1984, became the victim of his own Big Brotherisms. Patience. Please appreciate what the man told us of himself: it was his greatest contribution to the Republic. Think on what you owe that extra-dark blob in the Nixon brain, genes or psyche, prompting him to bug even *himself*. Had he not, he might in this moment be committing additional presidential mischief while dreaming of a day when revisionist historians would give him the benefit of time's foggy doubt. Through the miracle of electronics and chronic dumb-ass, he has precluded historical distortions whether malignant or benign. With apologies to André Gide, we owe Dick Nixon the obligation of understanding him quickly.

The new tapes make it perfectly clear that Nixon:

• Not only was aware of the cover-up from scratch, but directed it and prematurely congratulated John Dean for having contained it.

• Encouraged perjury by word and deed, rewarding Jeb Magruder with a $36,000 job for his original lies.

• Never was so much concerned with Executive Privilege preservations as with saving his own lying, conspiring ass.

• Promised clemency for E. Howard Hunt ("We'll build, we'll build that son-of-a-bitch up like nobody's business. We'll have [William] Buckley write a column and say, you know, that he, that he should have clemency, if you've given eighteen years of service") and eventual full pardons for the original Watergate Seven.

• Said "Right" six consecutive times when John Ehrlichman opined (a) that Nixon might be impeached because (b) "you committed a crime."

• Attempted to make his old buddy, John Mitchell, the principal fall guy.

• Required blind loyalists Haldeman and Ehrlichman to "put the wagons up around the President" at all costs.

• Recommended putting out a "line" saying blackmail money paid to Watergate burglars had not been intended to keep the truth from authorities but to prevent defendants from talking to the press: no trial-by-newspapers, you see, because that's unconstitutional.

• Deleted self-damning statements from White House transcripts with the false notation "Material Unrelated To Watergate," and had them edited so as to present himself as more the puzzled good bumbler than the selfish cold fish looking out for ole Number One.

• Lied to GOP leaders in assuring that "no more bombshells" ticked in the tapes.

• Lied to his lawyers and to his family, as well as to the American public, about what he had said or done.

• Lied to those faithful old dogs, Haldeman and Ehrlichman, in slyly indicating that John Mitchell—rather than Dick Nixon—had promised Hunt clemency.

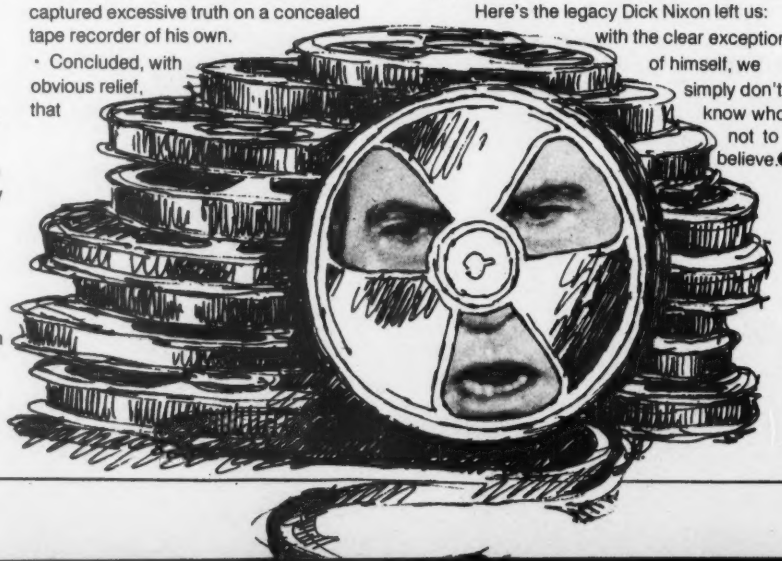
• Fretted over the possibility that "that son-of-a-bitch" John Dean had captured excessive truth on a concealed tape recorder of his own.

• Concluded, with obvious relief, that if Dean had *not* trapped him on tape, then "it's his word against the President's," and blithely judged: "I think there's still a hell of a lot of people out there, and from what I've seen, they're—you know, they, they *want* to believe, that's the point isn't it?"

But if the new tapes effectively destroy what remained of Richard Nixon's tattered integrity, they may—more alarmingly—expose the deficiencies of former special prosecutor Leon Jaworski and President Gerald Ford. Now that we know the extent of Nixon's guilt, what are we to think of Mr. Jaworski's stubborn, unilateral insistence to a grand jury that it had no authority to indict him? The first thought is that John Connally, a friend of the Nixon court and a friend of Jaworski, recommended his fellow-Texan to replace the fired Archibald Cox. The next thought is of a prominent Texas lawyer who advised, on hearing of Jaworski's appointment, "Don't trust him. He may look as good as conditions permit, but he's on *their* side deep down."

The thought following *that* one is that one may be unduly and unfairly suspicious of Mr. Jaworski; after all, staff lawyers for Mr. Cox—who stayed on to assist Mr. Jaworski—generally approved of his conduct. But then, as always with a troubled mind, there's yet another nagging thought. It is prompted by Mr. Jaworski's contention that he did not once consult with President Ford in advance of Nixon's receiving that Unpardonable Pardon. And that thought is: *why not*? Did Mr. Ford dare not ask how many worms were in the can, or did Mr. Jaworski prefer not to tell? Small comfort reposes in either consideration.

Here's the legacy Dick Nixon left us: with the clear exception of himself, we simply don't know who not to believe.●



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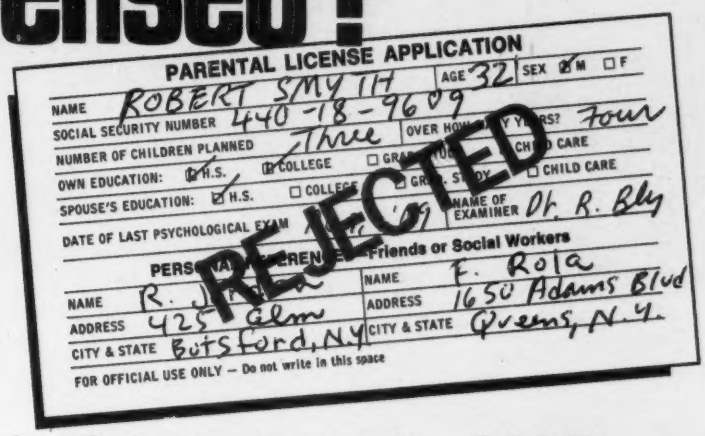
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Maybe you think the proposal sounds pretty far-fetched—that a couple be made to get a license from the government before conceiving a child.

Maybe you think it sounds pretty outrageous, too—that such a thing would be a frightening government invasion of individual rights, and a door-opener to "master-race" kind of thinking.

Outrageous the proposal may be. But far-fetched it's not. Some pretty important people are advocating it right now.

One of them is Dr. Roger W. McIntire, Professor of Psychology at the University of Maryland. In a recent article, he notes that "we do have, or soon will have, the technology to control individual procreation." And he suggests that would-be parents could be compelled to submit to semi-permanent contraceptive measures unless and until they could pass a licensing test proving their fitness for parenthood.

The forum chosen by Dr. McIntire for his controversial suggestions? Psychology Today, the pioneering monthly magazine that brings you the latest discoveries and theories about the complexities of our human nature...

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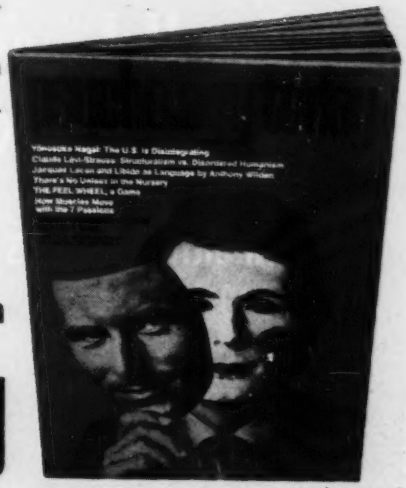

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But you're gettin' weaker with each passing hour
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Well, if it's you that must stay, well, then it's you that must fight."

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Don McLean's new album, "Homeless Brother"

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CLIPPINGS

Call of the Wild

Carl Gustavson, 27, got worried about what to do with coyotes that eat sheep. A federal ban keeps sheep people from poisoning them. Gustavson is what you call a behavioral ecologist, and he does what behavioral ecologists do at the University of Utah, in Salt Lake City. Anyway, he's taken several coyotes and changed their taste. He whips up a package of mutton, laces it with lithium chloride and wraps it in wool. Lithium chloride tastes like salt, so a coyote is faked out and gets sick. Throws up. The idea is that the coyote goes through this a few times and finally can no longer stomach sheep. Gustavson is seeking $90,000 for a field test. The problems are getting the bait to the real coyotes and getting them to eat it. Then, too, Mercellus Palmer says the coyote might get to liking sheep meat again. He represents sheep people.

Gus Ben Davis, of Edgartown, Mass., is trying to reprogram a couple of pet eagles so they'll fly free and kill to eat. He's feeding them raw rabbit by hand. "I have to get them accustomed to me so that I can train them, but then I have to reestablish their fear of humans so they will search for their prey and not for man," Gus Ben David says. If he can't pull this off, he says, the birds could be taken out West and turned loose. Of course, there's a drawback. The eagles might find civilization before they find prey.—from the Associated Press

A 21-year-old biology student named Richard Thiel set out to prove that Timber wolves live in Wisconsin's northern woods, where they no longer officially exist. He got a $1,011 grant from the University of Wisconsin and $600 from the Forest Service. Well, he took some museum recordings of wolf calls out into the woods near Eagle River and played them. No wolves. Lots of coyotes. Then he got a big idea. He started howling through a P.A. system. Wolves answered! "I'd howl for two minutes, and one wolf howled for three minutes after I quit," he said. You can tell a wolf from a coyote by the fact that the "coyote makes a yip-yap noise but the wolf has a lower tone" which crescendos. State game officials say there hasn't been a timber wolf in Wisconsin for several years and that two of four wolves planted in northern Michigan forests last March have died.—from the Charlotte *Observer*

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

All The News . . .

Gov. Ronald Reagan issued 514 pardons during his eight years as governor of California, one for innocence.—from the Los Angeles *Times*

Clarence Whited of Raven, West Virginia, has been using the same 150-watt light bulb in a ceiling fixture in his home for more than 30 years.—from the Bluefield (W. Va.) *Daily Telegraph*

Glenn Hilton of New Plymouth, Idaho, received a graduation announcement from his cousin, who mailed it from his home town, Emmett, Idaho, more than 33 years ago.—from United Press International

The Rev. Ronald Taylor got his umbrella back from an employee of London Transport, who found it on the top deck of a bus. The Rev. Mr. Taylor lost it in 1958.—from the New York *Times*

Ursula Dietrich, a California dentist, has developed a beef-flavored toothpaste for dogs called "Doggydent."—from Zodiac News Service

Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz revealed a new way to save, what with the high cost of provisions these days. He was circling the buffet table at a Capitol Hill Club party recently, stuffing goodies into napkins to carry home.—from the Washington *Post*

Reward

Robert Wright, the brother of a man who killed two Scranton boys last November, is claiming the $21,000 reward for having helped police in the case. William Wright pleaded guilty to the murders. He had previously been convicted of the hammer slaying of his 68-year-old aunt.—from Knight News Wire

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Strauss turns the tide for Rockefeller

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Democratic leadership signals OK on Rocky

Shortly after the Democratic sweep in the congressional elections, Democratic Party chief Robert Strauss dropped in for chats with Senate Rules Chairman Howard Cannon and House Judiciary Chairman Peter Rodino—both then holding hearings on Nelson Rockefeller's nomination as vice-president. According to staff aides, Strauss told the two Democratic chairmen that the consensus of key party leaders was that it was not in the party's interest to have the hearings drag into the new Congress next year. If they do, it is commonly assumed, Rocky's chances would be seriously diminished.

As a result of the meetings, staff investigators on the aggressive Judiciary Committee were told to abandon certain lines of inquiry, some admittedly based on simple rumor, others more substantial.

UPI

Strauss: worried about overkill

Strauss didn't indicate which way he wanted the committees to come down on Rocky, but the clear implication was that the Democratic leadership had done an about-face and now wanted Rocky in. Why the change? The inside speculation is that with Watergate, the Agnew and Nixon resignations, and now the sizable congressional victories, the Democrats were becoming vulnerable to charges of political overkill, not to mention a possible backlash of public sentiment—none of which fits into the Democratic strategy for the next two years.

WIDE WORLD

Thieu and friend: one down, Thieu to go

CIA abandons Thieu?

Two well-placed State Department sources say that its Indochina experts expect the government of South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu to collapse or be overthrown within the next six months. According to reports prepared in the Saigon embassy, corruption and incompetence have become so widespread in the Thieu regime that even the army has become concerned. These same sources also say that top agents of the Central Intelligence Agency have been filtering into South Vietnam for some time to "influence the choice of a Thieu successor." Asked to confirm this infiltration, a high State Department official at first said that "those spooks are everywhere, so who knows?" Later, this official called back to say—off the record—that CIA activity in the country had been "stepped up" but that agents had been instructed to be "less obvious" than they had been in the Diem overthrow over a decade ago.

Udall is savvier than he looks

Look out for Mo Udall. Within weeks after he declared his candidacy for president (significantly proclaimed in Derry, N.H.), the Arizona congressman has just about locked up some of the brightest brains of the McGovern and Muskie organizations, and, with the help of Fritz Mondale's abrupt withdrawal, has laid sole claim on the liberal banner in New Hampshire's first-in-the-nation presidential primary.

William Loeb, the curmudgeon publisher of the Manchester *Union Leader*, has already made known his private distaste for Udall's most serious rival, Scoop Jackson. Loeb, whose endorsement—or opposition—can

mean as much as 15 percent of the New Hampshire vote, calls Jackson "not very bright." It just may be that Loeb will let the Democrats fight it out among themselves in '76, and turn his fire instead on Gerald Ford. Ronnie Reagan is more Loeb's kind of guy.

Udall, meanwhile, is courting two former McGovern operatives who played crucial roles in the South Dakota senator's nomination. They are Joe Grandmaison, McGovern's former New Hampshire chief, who recently guided Mike Dukakis to an upset victory in the Massachusetts governor's race, and Rick Stearns, the Rhodes scholar strategist who oversaw McGovern's operations in the non-primary states.

The best indication of Stearns' worth comes from none other than George Wallace, who is reputed to have said that if Stearns had been working for him, he would have been the Democratic nominee in 1972. Stearns, now a law student at Harvard, is friendly to Udall, but is said to be reluctant to reenter the political wars full-time. New Hampshire-born Grandmaison will prove less difficult for Udall to convince.

Udall, whose conservationist views should sit well with rural Yankees,

WIDE WORLD

Udall: fair political winds

is also close to Muskie, and has lined up some of the Maine senator's former supporters, including Westin Associates, the savviest—some say the onliest—ad agency in the state to handle his media. Mondale was unable to make much of an impression on Muskie's major New Hamshire backers, who found him even less charismatic than McGovern. Mondale also managed to offend many McGovernites by seeming to regard them as if they were the plague. The fact is that while McGovern lost disastrously in the general election, his campaign for the nomination remains a political masterpiece. Surprisingly enough, behind the scenes Udall could be on the way to repeating McGovern's successes—if not avoiding his mistakes.

Book-burning spreads

That schoolbook controversy in Charleston, West Virginia, has spread to another rural community, and again there are hints of racist undertones. Parents in Pierceton, Indiana, predominantly a farm community, have begun an emotional rampage

WIDE WORLD

Dynamited schoolroom in Charleston: Indiana next

demanding that a series of contemporary American literature books be dropped. In question are the 13 MAN books, the same texts which ignited the furor in West Virginia. The books are used in grades seven through ten in the all-white Whitko school corporation. Parents object not only to the use of profanity but to the political aspects of the books as well. They mentioned specific objections to works by Eldridge Cleaver, Malcolm X, Dick Gregory and Woodie Guthrie.

Claude Stahl, spokesman for the parents, says, "Many schools have outlawed the teaching of Christianity, and now these books poke fun at it." School officials have countered the demands by saying the school corporation would lose money by dropping the books since this is the first of a five-year program. Stahl responds, "We'll get the money together, buy the books and burn them in the streets."

The Watergate alumni network

William Hundley, attorney for former Attorney General John Mitchell, has offered Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen a partnership in his law firm. Petersen recently announced that he will be leaving his job as head of the criminal division Dec. 31. Hundley and Peterson are longtime buddies, dating back to their days together in the Justice Department when both were career government lawyers in the criminal division (Hundley moved up to head the organized crime division under Robert Kennedy). The two pals reportedly have discussed the Hundley offer at length, and Peterson has given Hundley a tentative promise that he will sign on.

Long-lived Richard Nixon

First, the much too familiar visage of our ex-Prez turned up on a rash of rejected eggplants (the most celebrated of which was printed in four-color in *New York* magazine and verified by a notary public). Now, we have learned, not only has Mother Nature had a laugh reincarnating Tricky, but so did some Buddhist monks at the Phrareo Wat Temple in Vientiane, Laos—they've had a jovial statue of Nixon (pictured below) sitting in their backyard for over 400 years.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL CHINOY

Why is this statue laughing?

HEALTH

By Marion Steinmann

The survival of the vocal

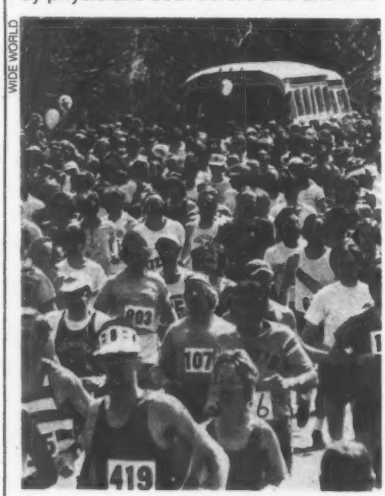
A current controversy in human anthropology concerns whether or not ancient Neanderthal man died out 45,000 years ago simply because he could not speak well enough. Working with a model of the Neanderthal vocal tract constructed from fossil skulls by anatomist Edmund Crelin of the Yale University School of Medicine, linguist Philip Lieberman of Brown University has figured out with a computer that Neanderthal man could not articulate certain key sounds—the vowels "a," "i" and "u" (as in the words "not," "see" and "to")—which are essential for rapid, easily understood speech. According to the Crelin-Lieberman theory, the Neanderthals thus became extinct because they couldn't compete effectively with other Stone Age men.

Ponder that the next time you're pinned down at a party by a compulsive talker.

Running unscared

Just because you've had a heart attack doesn't mean you shouldn't run the Boston marathon. Dr. Terry Kavanagh of the University of Toronto recently released the results of detailed medical studies on eight men, between the ages of 32 and 49, who had had heart attacks from one to four years previously and who ran the grueling, 26¼-mile race. The men had carefully trained at the Toronto Rehabilitation Centre, were followed by cars with emergency rescue equipment, and were examined by physicians both before and after the race. Seven of the eight men finished the course, and none had any serious problems—no angina, no heart attacks.

"While it is unlikely that many post-myocardial infarction [heart attack] patients will become marathon runners," Dr. Kavanagh concludes in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, "the good response of the present group to such a grueling event emphasizes that in the absence of complications . . . the well-trained post-MI patient can undertake as severe an effort as any middle-aged man."

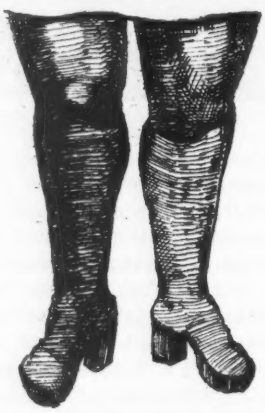


WIDE WORLD

Boston marathon: with a heart attack

These boots are made for clotting

With knee-high boots in fashion once again this fall, you should watch out not to wear them too tight. In a recent issue of *The Lancet*, Dr. D. B. Webb of Cardiff, Wales, tells about a young lady who developed such serious obstructions in the blood vessels of both legs—several months after buying a pair of tight-rimmed canvas boots—that she ended up in the hospital.



Grocery bag neuropathy

A young woman recently sought help from Drs. Eulogio Rectra Jr. and Warren Litts of Lewis County General Hospital in Lowville, New York; complaining that her hand felt strange and that she could not hold a hair brush. Two days earlier she had carried home two large bags of groceries. A neurological examination revealed that she had compressed the radial and median nerves near her elbow.

"It seems that in our present day-to-day living," write the physicians in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, "the average shopper is faced not only with the problems of inflation but also with the weight of his purchase." Christening the new ailment "grocery bag neuropathy," they point out that the disorder joins such previously identified modern neurological complaints as "toilet seat neuropathy" (compression of the sciatic nerve), "gunbelt neuropathy" (affecting the lateral femoral cutaneous nerve) and "ski-boot neuropathy" affecting the sensory fibers of the foot).

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BLACK

Shopping bag complications

ILLUSTRATION BY DONNA NICHOLSON

THE WORD

Better dead than Red

One of the most surprising stories about the Patricia Hearst kidnapping is being told by high-level Hearst executives who were in on various plans devised to secure the release of the heiress. At one point last spring someone had the bright idea to hire a famous undercover spy, who would infiltrate the Symbionese Liberation Army. After making contact,

UPI

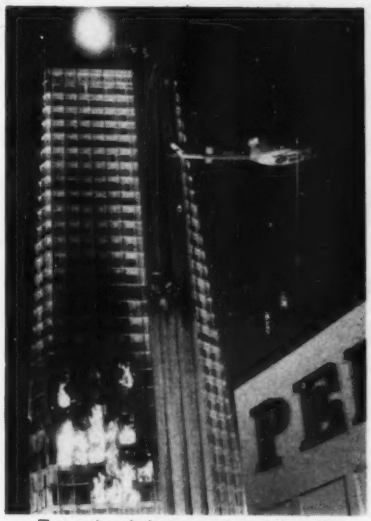
Mrs. Hearst: no Commies in the family

the Hearst "spy" was to offer the SLA money and the means to escape the U.S.A. for asylum in Cuba, on only one condition—that they allow Patty Hearst to personally tell her parents of her own free will whether she wanted to go to Cuba with her captors or stay in the U.S. The plan was set into operation, the "spy" was ready to go, and many thousands of dollars in cash had been raised, when suddenly somebody threw a red switch. Mrs. Randolph Hearst, Patty's mother, decided she wanted the entire plan canceled. Her reason: "I'd rather see my daughter dead than know that she is a Communist."

Towering Inferno a disaster

Hollywood invaded Hartford, Connecticut, on November 20 when the top brass of Twentieth-Century Fox and Warner Bros. staged an unofficial world premiere of *The Towering Inferno*, the year's most awaited and most expensive (an estimated $13 million) disaster movie. An excited "sneak preview" audience bought overpriced tickets ($3.75) in advance, hoping to see co-star Paul Newman—who didn't show—and director producer Irwin Allen (*The Poseidon Adventure*)—who was late and never seen. The film ran a long three hours and was reportedly still being edited the day of the screening; presumably it will be trimmed further as a result of the audience reaction cards that were passed out before the screening.

But one paying member of the audience, B.A. Rowland, the film critic of the Manchester (Conn.) *Journal Inquirer*, went public with her reaction—even though the moguls had not intended for critics to cover the film



Towering Inferno: a sneak bomb

prior to its official opening in New York on December 19. After applauding *Inferno*'s special effects, Rowland noted that it was "plagued with high-level stupidity. . . . We are treated to dialogue which would insult the intelligence of a 6th grader. The actors [among them Steve McQueen, William Holden, Faye Dunaway and Fred Astaire] are left to struggle with unspeakable lines, exposing themselves to public derision."

No petit thing

It turns out that Frenchman Philippe Petit's daredevil high-wire act between the World Trade Centers wasn't for nothing. After repeat performances, albeit very anticlimactic, over the Central Park pond and the Great Falls in Paterson, N.J., Petit was signed up by Ringling Bros. Barnum and Bailey circus.

WIDE WORLD

Petit: going on to smaller things

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a Wallace is

As the '76 campaign gets under way, the word has been put out that George Wallace's racial views have moderated. The record tells a different story

By Peter Ross Range

Mickey Griffin, 25, the outspoken young blood who works as third man in George Wallace's humming national campaign headquarters, was on the phone. The Wallace agent on the Democratic National Committee's executive council, Griffin was flicking cigarette ashes over a Styrofoam cup of cold coffee precariously balanced on the corner of his desk toward a nearby trash can, which he usually missed. One corner of the office was a riot of precinct and county maps from around the country. Mickey was trying to get Wallace delegates elected to the Democrats' mini-convention coming up in Kansas City. He was talking to New Mexico. "We gotta get some Chicanos, do you have a Chicano running?" he shouted into the phone, as if to overcome the 2,000 miles to Albuquerque. "Okay. We'll do what the blacks do. We'll stomp and scream and get what we can, then protest afterwards. Go ahead."

Griffin turned to me and said, "George Wallace is a PHENOMENON! There's nobody in the country can touch George Wallace as a politician. He's a hero in a country that's looking for heros." Then the phone rang.

"Have you got the spade? Will he run?" Mickey Griffin asked. A Wallace operative was calling from Macon County, Alabama, where Lucius Amerson was elected the first black sheriff in Alabama history in 1968. Amerson was also running

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

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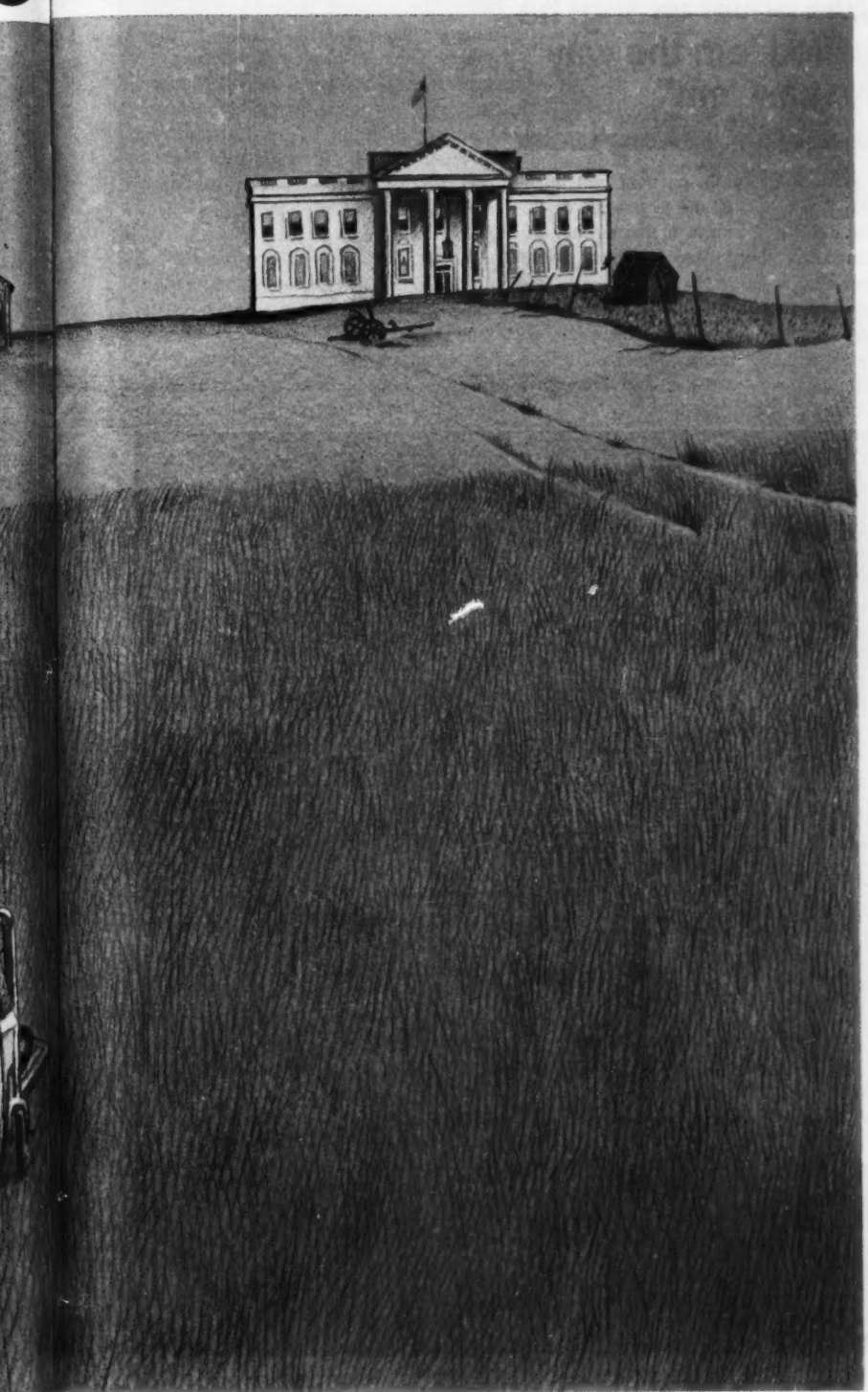


as a convention delegate. "We gotta have a spade in there against Amerson," Griffin is shouting this time, though it is across only 150 miles. "Or two spades. That'll split their vote. See can you get two. Okay. Bye."

There are a lot of people who say that George Wallace has mellowed. They say that as the mainstream has moved to the right, George has moved into the mainstream. What they say has made George Wallace respectable, and now, with the pack of potential candidates starting to gear up for the two-year presidential grind, the once inconceivable—that the man in the schoolhouse door might sit in the White House—looms as a real possibility.

More than anything else, Wallace's new respectability is predicated on one notion: that he has softened on the race issue. He himself has done more than a little to foster that impression, what with crowning black homecoming queens, wrangling endorsements from black politicians and the like, and he is clearly anxious to have it accepted as gospel. But there are plenty of people back in Alabama in positions to know who are ready to swear that it's all sham.

Bill Baxley, 33, is the attorney general of Alabama. His passions are football, baseball, basketball, politics, whiskey, gambling and women, in approximately that order. Bill Baxley is smart. He has a remarkable reputation in the state as a pinko-liberal law and order man, which wins him an odd but large admixture of votes—like from cops and college professors. He just won his second term unopposed to the state's second most powerful job. He will in all likelihood be elected Alabama's next governor when George Wallace's third term expires in 1979.

Baxley's warren of offices is the only place in Montgomery where one routinely sees mustaches, Afros, lady lawyers and two-tone, semi-platform shoes. His assistant attorneys general all seem to have sheepskins from Harvard, Yale or Georgetown on their walls. Fourteen of 17 of them have pictures of John or Robert Kennedy or both on display.

"'I like Wallace," begins Baxley,

slinging one leg up over the armchair in his spacious but cluttered office. "I love to sit with him and listen to him tell stories. He's a great political raconteur. He's smart. In fact, he's the only smart one in that whole crowd. He's surrounded by clowns. But he's an unchanged man. His attitude on blacks hasn't changed. Why is he the only Southern governor who doesn't even have a *token* black in his office? What about the hiring of blacks in the state patrol? You know, if he would say to me, even privately, that he was *wrong* in the schoolhouse door, that he was sorry he said 'segregation forever' or that Selma was a mistake, I'd be for him. But he's not giving a thing."

Traveling to Montgomery in search of the New Wallace is more a pilgrimage than a political trip. Montgomery is a one-company town: George Wallace. State government, whose hulking dull white buildings dominate the landscape and put the burg quickly to sleep after 6:00, is merely a job one has. Only three things happen in Montgomery, and a native white woman who works in a civil rights law firm summed it up: "You're either in the Wallace camp, or on our side, or you're out at the country club playing bridge."

The front of the capitol is mostly marble. Alabama marble on the front steps, Italian marble around the rotunda, Vermont marble here and there in between. The six thick Georgian columns out front are flaking dull white paint. At the top of the broad steps a bronze star embedded in the marble by the Daughters of the Confederacy commemorates the spot where Jefferson Davis was sworn in as President of the Confederate States in 1861 (and George Wallace as governor in 1963). Old Jeff also stands in granite about 30 yards away in some shrubs more or less looking down on the absence of traffic on Dexter Avenue.

Go on inside and here's what you see: a large, empty, silently stately entryway with lovely, really inspired, curving stairways reaching up for three floors on either hand. Two plaques flank the entrance. One memorializes a governor who was elected exactly 100 years ago and "restored white supremacy to the state," it says. The other reminds you that "from the dome of this building, the First Capitol, floated the First Flag of the Confederacy."

The governor's waiting room is like a library: high, dark-paneled walls hung with Genoese harbor scenes that clash with the little Alabama flags and noisy IBM typewriters on the secretaries' desks. The day's supplicants, including me, are arrayed around a large reading table strewn with assorted promotional literature from Alabama industry (port of Mobile, soybeans, pulpwood). One rack holds six different Alabama college yearbooks with titles like *In My Life* and *Imagine.* A glance at last year's crop shows how little life has changed in what they like to call the Cradle of the Confederacy.

"I don't have any regrets," says Wallace. "I'm like the umpire who made mistakes but was never wrong: he called 'em the way he saw 'em"

They escort me swiftly into the governor's office, a big guy pushing open the door and a press aide following behind. George Wallace is not a large man and he looks even smaller hunkered down in his wheelchair behind a massive desk at the end of a long, high-ceilinged, paneled chamber that seems more like a throne room than an office. Behind him the Confederate flag stands in a row with three others. The high-backed swivel chair that goes with being governor of Alabama stands forlorn and awkwardly tilted in one corner behind him. It, too, looks crippled now. An extremely handsome fellow in grey uniform and white beard gazes down from a large portrait on the wall: General Robert E. Lee.

Wallace looks older, more wizened than I expected. He bears little resemblance to the man smiling from the shiny lithographs stacked on his desk to hand out when schoolchildren are ushered in for a quick group photograph. There is a streak of Kennedyesque morbidity in

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES MOORE/BLACK STAR

Wallace working out: the racial issue isn't his greatest problem.

Range, formerly of Atlanta, has just been assigned to head Time*'s Saigon bureau.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES MOORE/BLACK STAR

The governor and physical therapist: who says he's got no use for black folks?

him: "If I get run over by a truck tomorrow . . ." crops up several times in his conversation.

"GOVERNOR!" shouts the press aide from right in front of the desk. "THIS IS PETER RANGE!" What the hell? I wonder as I shake his remarkably wrinkled hand, "Am I going to have to yell at the guy?"

I don't exactly have to shout but I must speak loudly, enunciating deliberately as though I'm talking to a foreigner. The hearing in Wallace's right ear was damaged over the Pacific in World War II, which is why he developed that famous habit of cocking his head to one side. He was too vain to wear a hearing aid before, but Arthur Bremer changed all that. Wallace occasionally adjusts his new hearing aid, turning it up so high it makes a feedback squeal like a stuck mouse. But often he either doesn't hear, doesn't want to hear, or simply does not understand what I'm saying. Many questions have to be started twice, only to be interrupted in mid-steam by a rambling, pointless answer. Wallace picks at his teeth and nose and says "Huh?" several times. For openers, he glares at my tape recorder and orders, "Cut that off!" Wallace has a mania for putting the most innocuous of comments off the record. You might as well not even bring a notebook. Sometimes the interview devolves into blunt-ended thrusts by me and nonsensical parries by him. It is like no other meeting I have ever had with a politician. I feel like I'm wrestling with a strong bear cub.

Wallace, for all his apparent infirmity, is energetic and feisty. "I was never against blacks or anybody, not even writers," he says, blinking at me with a straight face. "They used to call me a crude redneck."

Wallace screws a thick, pungent La Corona into his cigar holder, then flicks the ash into the wooden trash basket beside his wheelchair. Then he spits into it, missing my nice new imitation Gucci shoes by about nine inches. Wallace spits throughout the interview, but he expectorates in the sharp narrow streams of the practiced rural spitsman, so my feet are out of danger. I have a flash of another scene: I am not me but instead the Washington bureau chief for *Le Monde*; Wallace is President and this is the Oval Office; he has a wooden wastebasket beside him and. . . .

Does the New Wallace, this new friend of blacks and governor of "all the people," have any regrets from the previous decade? "I don't have any regrets," answers Wallace. "If I made a mistake, I'm like the baseball umpire who made mistakes but was never wrong: he called 'em the way he saw 'em. I did what I thought was best for the majority of the people of Alabama."

It is part of the Wallace camp's current propaganda thrust—whether planned, in the Haldeman-Zieglerian mold, or, more likely, transmitted around the group by osmosis—to contend that Wallace was *always* the friend of the black man. Joe Azbell, chief writer, raconteur and good ole boy of the Wallace campaign headquarters, spends an hour telling me of the awards he won over 20 years ago for charitable good works (fund-raising for a hospital and a college) in the black community. Wallace, growing angry with me when I zero in on racial questions, cites for evidence of his lifelong compassion and racial fairness the indictment of a black man for voting fraud that he dismissed while a sitting judge in Barbour County in the 1950s. "It was an unfounded case and I threw it out," he says. Isn't that what judges are supposed to do anyway?

That Wallace is suddenly enjoying black political support is essentially an accidental myth. What he has is a newfound political cronyism with several black Alabama mayors (and one probate judge) who see their own sinecures' financial fortunes closely tied to Statehouse favor. Tuskeegee Mayor Johnny Ford claims to have pragmatically used his public endorsements of George Wallace ("a great governor," he called him last year) to obtain state help in recruiting a California hothouse vegetable firm to his town, creating several dozen new jobs. Jay Cooper, the black mayor of steamy Prichard near Mobile, apologizes similarly.

Practical politics, perhaps, but they did not take many voters with them. Wallace's black support in Alabama has traditionally hovered around 3 to 4 percent of the black electorate. In this year's guber-

natorial primary, Wallace won overwhelmingly against a no-name candidate. The governor's black support in that race has been variously announced at from 7 to 25 percent, the actual figure probably being about 10 percent of the vote—an increase of about seven points over the past. In Jefferson County (Birmingham), where 28 percent of the state's blacks live, the influential all-black Alabama Democratic Conference urged blacks to turn out heavily for Wallace's opponent. In selected all-black precincts there, Wallace won from 5.3 to 8.5 percent of the vote. In some mostly black rural counties, by contrast, Wallace won more than 50 percent of the vote. But the black turnout there was inordinately low because the black-dominated National Democratic Party of Alabama, whose strength is in the black belt countryside, called upon its following to stay away from the polls. Indeed, in Greene County, where the NDPA wrested political control from the white minority several years ago, the NDPA held a convention on polling day. Thus most of the votes cast there were white.

In the general election several weeks ago, Wallace fared even worse among black voters. Approximately 52 percent of the black electorate turned out statewide, primarily to support black candidates (13 of whom were elected to the state legislature) in local races, but the governor attracted considerably less than 10 percent of the black vote. In Montgomery's District 80, for example, where 73 percent of the black voters appeared at the polls in response to a vigorous campaign from black legislative candidate Alvin Holmes, only 5 percent of them cast ballots for Wallace.

The issue of Wallace and the blacks was further muddied by Charles Evers' surprise endorsement of him for vice-president in an article calling him "converted" in the manner of that other Southerner, Lyndon Johnson. Evers, since indicted for income tax abuses, is the mayor of tiny Fayette, Mississippi; he frequently rubs shoulders with Alabama's black mayors and may have seen some pragmatic advantage in his move within the context of Mississippi state politics, where, if his troubles don't do him in, he hopes to run again for governor. But other blacks of national standing have denounced the Evers statement, including columnist Carl Rowan and thinker-writer-speaker Julian Bond. Jesse Jackson got into the tussle and, in the always tempered view of former civil rights leader John Lewis, "it finally turned into name calling." The general position of the national black leadership was eventually clarified at this summer's National Urban League convention. Six black mayors, including Maynard Jackson of Atlanta, vocally rejected any ticket-sharing with Wallace in 1976. "If Jesus Christ were nominated President and Governor Wallace Vice-President, I'd vote against Jesus Christ," said Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton to a roar of convention applause.

While Wallace may be helping Johnny Ford attract small industry to create jobs for blacks, he has done little else to demonstrate commitment to improving the lots of black Alabamians. As in any state, but especially Southern ones, patronage through the huge state budget is the traditional vehicle for rewarding political favor. Yet of the state's 17,000 employees, only about 5 percent are black (Alabama's population is 26 percent black). Wallace says he has no personal hiring power outside his immediate staff, a red herring which overlooks the governor's almost unlimited powers of persuasion over department heads. Worse, Wallace has in eight years as governor appointed exactly seven blacks and 1,549 whites to the various boards and commissions that virtually run the state. (This does not count the so-called federal boards, which require by federal law the appointment of blacks. Here Wallace's track record is a trifle better: 10 percent black appointments. But these boards hardly run the state and a few, such as the Selective Service Boards, are now functionless.) For this, Morris Dees has George Wallace in court.

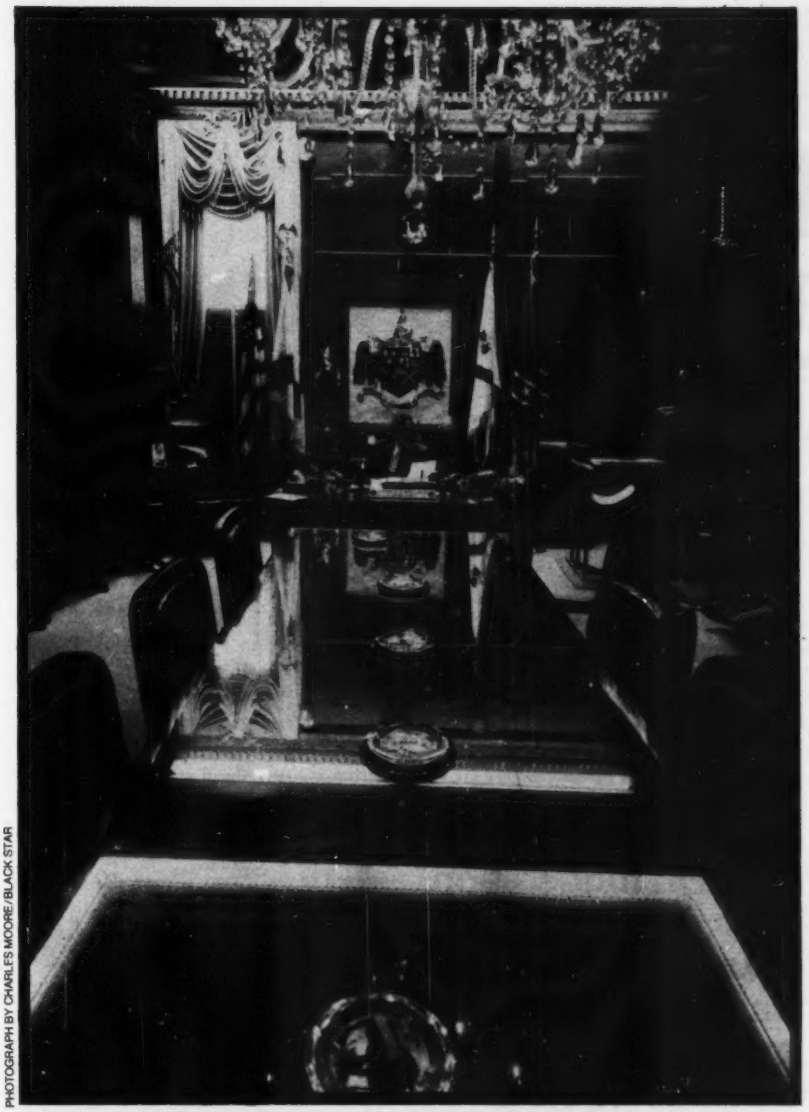
Morris Dees is a one-man civil rights movement in Alabama today. He is the white-farmboy-turned-mail-order-millionaire who raised most of George McGovern's small-donation money in 1972. He runs a civil rights law center in Montgomery and last month named Wallace a defendant in a longstanding lawsuit to desegregate the nearly all-white state patrol, whose great day of infamy was the skull-crackings on the Selma bridge in 1965. The state has been under federal court order since 1972 by District Judge Frank Johnson to hire one black for every white until the 750-man state patrol became 25 percent black. Wallace has effectively dodged the order by hardly hiring at all. The former state patrol chief, Col. Walter L. Allen, testified that Wallace told him to hold down the hiring of blacks. "Let's hold up on that and think about it for a while," Col. Allen said the governor told him. Indeed, putting "niggers" in the grey-blue Fords with the whip antennas that remain a symbol of white supremacy outside the large cities of Alabama could be a political time bomb for Wallace. Yet it is a fair litmus test of his putative racial moderation. The result today is what Col. Allen calls an "even more than serious, it was critical" undermanning of the state patrol. Wallace has even refused to hire any of 100 additional patrolmen authorized by a special appropriation of the legislature in 1972.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES MOORE/BLACK STAR

The Wallaces at dinner. A black constituent is at left.

Following Judge Johnson's order, 226 blacks and 176 whites passed the next patrol test. When Col. Allen went to Wallace's sickbed (after he was shot) to propose the hiring of 21 whites and 21 blacks—a full patrol academy class—in keeping with the order, Wallace replied: "If we hire that many, that will give us more than New York State. . . ." Seven months later, Col. Allen, who is no raving integrationist, was relieved of his job by just-promoted Col. Eldred C. Dothard, the former patrol bodyguard who caught a slug in the leg at Laurel. Today, the Alabama state patrol has 28 blacks.

When confronted with all this, Wallace shoots back a telling answer: "I just don't believe in quotas, do you?" Watch that word "quotas." It will serve Wallace nationally in 1976 the way "bloc



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES MOORE/BLACK STAR

WIDE WORLD

A throne room for a king (above),
but only a handshake for a homecoming queen (below).

vote" (read: black vote) did in his hate-mongering, last-ditch gubernatorial run-off in Alabama in 1970, when he almost lost to incumbent Governor Albert Brewer.

I ask if it is true that after crowning the first black homecoming queen in the University of Alabama's history this year, the governor later told a TV reporter that he did not kiss her—as is the tradition—because "the people of Alabama aren't ready for that." Wallace glares at his press aide. He had not wanted to see me in the first place and now he's angry. "See, I told you about these interviews. . . ." Then he spits.

The governor of Alabama slouches forward in his wheelchair and cocks his head. The horn-rimmed glasses slide down the bridge of his nose, causing one round cheekbone to magnify disproportionately under the surprisingly thick lens. He glances up and the first flash of a grin, a rare flicker of amusement, crosses his puckish face. His mouth moves into that unmistakable downward leer that for the life of him is the only way George Wallace can smile, and he says: "The Democrats, you know, they just don't know what to do with me. They don't know whether to let loose, just let 'im go, or to hold on. They just can't decide what to do about me."

No they can't, because they find themselves face to face with a terrible fact: that just as the voters of the pivotal center have forgiven them the sin of Vietnam, they seem to have forgotten the kind of man George Wallace is. Wallace has for years been the party pariah, the barefoot idiot outcast; now he is relishing his status as the party's lynchpin. "He has," as Attorney General Baxley insists, "outfoxed the whole party! They're giving Wallace everything, all that respectability, and getting nothing in return."

That seems to be it. Though almost no one says it, George Wallace has given nothing. As he prepares for his eighth political race in 14 years, he remains very much the same fellow who stood on these capitol steps in 1963, warning of mongrelism and the "Communist philosopher" Martin Luther King, and finally letting loose with, "from this very Cradle of the Confederacy, this very heart of the great Anglo-Saxon Southland . . . Segregation Now! Segregation Tomorrow! Segregation Forever!"

Those words are still scary, for those who care to hear them. But what's even scarier is that there is a growing body of opinion that has it that the party of Jefferson, Jackson and FDR might have a tough time winning without the man who spoke them. ●

Attention: smoking grass may be good for your health

By Richard Lance Christie

In the last few months, a rash of government reports, medical studies and newspaper stories have begun – once again – to trumpet the dangers of marijuana. Not since the days of Reefer Madness, *the hysterical movie made in the '30s about a murdering marijuana freak, has there been such sound and fury over grass. Marijuana Causes Male Impotency! Marijuana Interferes with Body Immunity Mechanism! Marijuana Affects Fundamental Chemistry of Living Cells! After releasing the latest HEW report on marijuana a couple of weeks ago, the top White House expert on drugs, Dr. Robert J. DuPont, warned that "the health consequences are unknown and potentially quite severe." Sen. James Eastland (D-Miss.), whose Internal Security subcommittee released its own report on the marijuana-hashish "epidemic," even went so far as to suggest that it stems from a Communist plot.*

Once again we are being exposed to the latest opinions of a relatively small group of investigators and authorities who believe the products of the hemp plant are either insidiously dangerous or menacingly unknown. But the fact is that marijuana is one of the oldest and most widely used drugs for intoxication and medicine known to man. And our research knowledge about the chemical action and public health implications of cannabis is at least as good as our equivalent knowledge about aspirin.

Today, roughly 14 percent of all Americans older than 12—or some 28 million people—have tried smoking marijuana at least once. Last year 420,000 of them were arrested for possessing or dealing marijuana—twice the number in 1970. And, despite the fact that DuPont and the man who preceded him at the White House, Dr. Jerome Jaffe, have both said they oppose prison terms for marijuana users, two bills to decriminalize grass are languishing in the House and Senate.

To clear the air around what is emerging as a major issue on the national agenda—the legalization or at least decriminalization of marijuana—we have asked a leading marijuana researcher to lay out what is known about the weed's medical properties, sorting out the hard medical fact from the soft moralistic opinion. Richard Lance Christie was the research coordinator and then project director of the UCLA Longitudinal Marijuana Study, funded by the National Institute of Mental Health, for 3½ years. Now completing his Ph.D at UCLA on the relationship between marijuana use and cultural stance, Christie is also working as chief of research and evaluation for the New Mexico Department of Hospitals and Institutions, which is in charge of drug abuse, mental health and retardation.

As he explains below, "the killer weed" has many positive medical properties and, if further research is encouraged, might prove to be an unexploited wonder drug of the future.

Used in moderation, grass will *not* make you impotent, damage your memory or kill you. But it *could* help cure your asthma, relieve your migraine, inhibit cancer and give you a new lease on life

Information about the effects of the cannabis plant on man are impressive in both amount and antiquity because the drug has been used for so long. Archaeologists have found that cannabis was used in Europe by the Bylony Culture 7,000 years ago, and an urn filled with marijuana leaves dating from 500 B.C. was recently unearthed near Berlin, Germany. The mythical emperor Shen Nung's herbal, written about 1000 B.C., mentions several uses of cannabis, and the drug was being used as an anesthetic in China around 2000 B.C. Cannabis is highly praised in the Aryan *Vedas*, dating from 2000 B.C. through several centuries after Christ. In Hindu mythology, the gods are depicted as giving the drug for the welfare of mankind, bringing joy to and relieving anxiety in the user. A papyrus of Pharaoh Ramses advises washing sore eyes with cannabis extract. Most native cultures in Asia and Africa knew of and used cannabis as a medicine and intoxicant, and do so today.

Cannabis was formally introduced to Western medicine in 1839 by W. B. O'Shaughnessy, M.D., a brilliant 30-year-old British doctor serving in India. He reviewed 900 years of medical uses of cannabis there, and then experimentally investigated the drug's toxicity and effects on animals and men. He found, as have investigators since, that the cannabis drugs are relatively nontoxic as drugs go and that they can be effective as a pain reliever, anticonvulsant and muscle relaxant. Sir J. Russell Reynolds, M.D., Queen Victoria's personal physician, conducted research on cannabis for 30 years (whether the queen served as guinea pig is unknown). He confirmed cannabis's lack of toxicity, and found it particularly effective as a pain reliever in cases he saw as involving a psychosomatic, emotional component, as in aborting migraine headaches and relieving menstrual cramps.

As a result of the favorable reports, cannabis came into widespread use medically for an expanding number of complaints in the West. The 1851 *U.S. Pharmacopeia* listed "neuralgia, gout, rheumatism, tetanus, hydrophobia, epidemic cholera, convulsions, chorea, hysteria, mental depression, delirium tremens, insanity and uterine hemorrhage" as the complaints for which cannabis "has been specially recommended." Popularity of cannabis as a medicine waned, however, because of two problems. First, cannabis could not be injected into the bloodstream because of poor water solubility, and onset of effect by mouth is very slow, the peak taking two to four hours to attain. Second, effects were hard to predict with a given dose. We know now that a large part of this latter problem was due to lack of control over the potency of preparations sold to and by pharmacists. The concentration of the 30-odd cannabinoids in cannabis varies as a function of temperature, water, soil conditions and the genetic strain of the plant, and some of the medically active cannabinoids degenerate with exposure to heat and air over time after harvesting. In addition, in common with all drugs to a greater or lesser degree, there is considerably individual variation in people's responses to a given dose of cannabis.

The effects of use of cannabis on man have been thoroughly studied, but the information thus obtained has yet to be rationally considered in forming social policy. The Indian Hemp Drugs Commission, for example, issued their seven-volume report in 1894 after two years of investigations. The British commissioned the study in hopes it would document ill effects from using cannabis so that the drug could be banned and Scotch whiskey sold instead at a sizable profit in taxes to the Crown. The nine-man commission interviewed every doctor practicing in what is now India and Pakistan, reviewed the records of every criminal case and mental hospital case in which use of cannabis was alleged to be involved, and viewed the effects of cannabis generally on a culture that had been using it for 2,600 years. They concluded that "moderate" use of the hemp drugs is not injurious mentally, physically or morally, while "excessive" use produces ill effects on body and mind and "both indicates and intensifies moral weakness." Commissions in 1931, 1944, 1968, and the contemporary LeDain Commission in Canada and the U.S.A. National Commission on Marihuana and Drug Abuse (which concluded that only the heaviest 2 percent of pot users in the U.S. were a population "at risk" from a public health point of view) all replicated the general finding of the Indian Hemp Drugs Commission.

Marijuana is an emotion-laden subject about which hundreds of myths and popular beliefs have evolved. Most of these are poorly supported in fact, and instead appear to serve needs related to issues larger than the merits of marijuana. On one hand, such countercultural gurus as Timothy Leary and Jerry Rubin advocated marijuana and hallucinogen use as instrumental to producing revolutionary (as opposed to "conditioned") consciousness. On the other hand, certain investigators have engaged in what Harvard University's Dr. Lester Grinspoon calls "psycho-pharmacological McCarthyism," conducting poor research or interpreting results out of perspective in order to demonstrate that marijuana has catastrophic ill effects. What this illustrates is what the National Commission on Marihuana was referring to by labeling its report, "Marihuana: Signal of Misunderstanding." Marijuana, in this culture, has come to be associated with an anti-technological, anti-authoritarian, anti-conventional and pro-hedonistic value system (this is not true in some other cultures). Some people seek to present marijuana as good because they like these associated values and lifestyles, and others seek to demonstrate marijuana is evil because they oppose them. A person committed to scientific values cannot help but see these positions as a modern equivalent of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, since the legitimate object of science is to find those things which will prove themselves.

All drugs are damaging and lethal in sufficient amounts; aspirin, for example, causes massive bleeding from the intestines, irreversible kidney damage and toxic psychosis

Since misconceptions about marijuana seem to be the loudest school of thought on the subject today, let's examine them first.

Smoking grass lowers your resistance to disease: A group of investigators at Columbia University headed by Gabriel Nahas reported in *Science* that they found the T-cell immune responses of a group of young cannabis users to be depressed relative to those of a much older control group of cancer patients, and superior by only a small margin to a group of organ transplant patients whose T-cell immunity was deliberately disabled to prevent rejection of the transplant. These results imply that marijuana users could not resist cancer, among other speculative consequences.

At UCLA, however, Nahas's results could not be confirmed using a chronic marijuana-using population and using a different test of T-cell immune response which is better validated to predict prognosis in cancer patients than that used by Nahas.

The UCLA research makes Nahas's finding suspect, and suspicion is increased by checking the available literature concerning disease and mortality rates among cannabis-users vs. their nonusing peers. If there is a difference, it has not been observed. It is true that in many cultures cannabis users belong to the lowest and most wretched classes, with cannabis being used to ease the burden of their existence, which tends to be disease-ridden and brief. When users are compared to nonusers in the same social class, however, no difference in disease and mortality rates is noted.

It is even less surprising that Nahas, et al., have not enjoyed much support in their findings when one observes Nahas's previous concern for scientific values. In a review of Nahas's 1972 book, *Marihuana: Deceptive Weed*, by Barry Liskow, M.D., in the conservative *Journal of the American Medical Association* (April 30, 1973, p. 631), it is noted that: "To support his [Nahas's] essentially moralistic viewpoint [that marihuana is evil], examples of biased selection and interpretation of studies and omissions of facts abound in every chapter. . . so much of the volume is distorted that one must know the marihuana literature in order to judge the accuracy of each statement."

Marijuana causes chromosome damage: The media widely reported the recent findings of Dr. Stenchever, an obstetrician at the University of Utah, who reported a higher rate of chromosome breakage in the blood cells of marijuana users than nonusers. Regrettably, the media does not bother to do literature reviews. I did, and found the "box score" on studies of chromosome damage from cannabis is now 1:5:1; that is, one study (Dr. Stenchever's) "for" marijuana use being related to chromosome breakage, five studies "neutral" in finding no relationship in humans, and one study among Jamaicans using the equivalent of 27 joints of American-grade marijuana a day

was·sail

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for an average of 17 years daily finding a *lower* rate of chromosome damage in users than in a matched group of nonusers.

Marijuana use by pregnant women will cause birth defects in the unborn: Research on this issue is far from satisfactory, and an attitude bordering on paranoia is appropriate when considering use of chemicals by pregnant women. The adverse effect of tobacco smoking on the unborn child's development, for example, is well documented. However, research with animals, although there is considerable difference between species, indicates that it takes huge amounts of cannabis to influence fetal development. If one makes the dubious assumption that dosage in a female rat can be extrapolated to a female human, the dosage of marijuana which begins to cause stunting in size of the offspring figures out to about 1,300 joints of American-grade marijuana per day, for a 115-pound woman.

Marijuana makes men impotent: Recently, Kolodny, Masters, Kolodner and Toro of the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation reported a preliminary study of 20 young males who had used marijuana at least four days a week during the preceding six months. They found in the experimental group that blood levels of the male sex hormone, testosterone, was 44 percent lower than in a control group and that one-third had depressed sperm counts. This study is presently being replicated under controlled conditions at UCLA. So far the St. Louis group's results are being confirmed. THC (the "high"-producing chemical among the 60-odd cannabinoids in marijuana) is similar structurally to the female sex hormone estradiol, and cannabis has central nervous system effects that could influence the reproductive system through a variety of pathways. What these results mean is unclear, however. Kolodny, et al., speculate that heavy use of marijuana by a pre-adolescent boy could inhibit puberty, and by a pregnant woman carrying a male fetus might inhibit sexual development of the infant. Public health records on cultural groups using cannabis heavily are not detailed enough to adequately check these speculations, but no obvious effects are noted in these groups. The concerns of most people, however, center on what these hormonal findings mean to the sex life of adult males. As to effects on sex drive, the main mediator of sexual desire in both male and female is androgen, with some evidence available that testosterone has more to do with aggression than with sex. In our data on both college marijuana users and long-term heavy users of marijuana outside college, we find a systematic *positive* association between frequency of marijuana use and frequency of sexual activity among males, and this association cannot all be removed by manipulating other variables. Those heavy marijuana users with poor sexual adjustment typically have long histories of poor psychological adjustment as well, often verifiable as predating drug involvement.

Since we are unable to demonstrate any gross negative impact of marijuana use on male sex drive and behavior in our field data, what we may be observing in these laboratory hormone studies is the discovery that marijuana is a somewhat active male contraceptive and aggression-reducing agent.

Smoking marijuana will give you lung cancer: Preliminary evidence indicates that marijuana smoke is at least as damaging to lung tissue as tobacco smoke. However, the changes in lung tissue which presage cancer occur, on the average, after 20 "pack-years" of exposure in tobacco smokers, i.e., 20 years of one pack per day (20 cigarettes), or 10 years of two packs per day, etc. Since the average consumption of marijuana cigarettes by daily users in the U.S. is only 2.5 cigarettes a day, precancerous changes would be expected to occur after 160 years of a typical daily marijuana use regimen. It does not seem likely that marijuana smoking will cause a notable increase in the incidence of lung cancer.

Queen Victoria's physician found marijuana particularly effective as a pain reliever, aborting migraine headaches and relieving menstrual cramps

Marijuana causes males to grow breasts: Thirteen cases of young males growing breasts (gynecomastia) after heavy marijuana use have been reported. I suspect this represents an idiosyncratic reaction involving the youth's metabolisms mistaking THC for the female hormone estradiol, which has a similar chemical structure. Given the rate of breast development observed among the half million young men using marijuana as heavily in the U.S.A. (and millions more using more heavily overseas) as these 13 men afflicted with unforeseen developments, most males' metabolisms apparently don't do this.

Grass damages one's memory: Anyone who has toked up with friends knows how easy it is to forget what the conversation was about or where a certain train of thought began. Only after much backtracking along a distinctly nonlinear conversation can the original idea be recaptured. This experience has led some users to suspect these temporary memory lapses might be taking a more permanent toll.

Until recently, when some clinical studies, chiefly by Kolansky and Moore, presented case histories of people who allegedly degenerated mentally as a result of using marijuana in ordinary social doses, evidence to this point was largely anecdotal. The problem with selected populations of people referred for treatment to psychiatrists is that one cannot tell which came first, or what causes what. For example, one might observe that a number of people who killed their families with axes had a great devotion to *Kung Fu* and karate movies. An authority who concluded that watching *Kung Fu* causes homicidal mania would be laughable, since it is common knowledge that millions watch the same show without such consequences. However, authorities have attributed degeneration of memory and personality to social levels of marijuana use despite the fact that several large, representative studies like ours at UCLA have not found such degeneration to occur with marijuana use except rarely. In most cases where marijuana use and memory deterioration occur together, other factors appear to be responsible, with the marijuana use more understandable as a symptom of the problem rather than as its cause.

One encounters a number of cases, however, in which marijuana use itself appears to have been the cause of disturbing mental ill effects. The most sensible possibility to account for these rather rare cases is that some people react adversely to marijuana as some do to every food and drug. Just as penicillin and bee stings are lethal to a few people but not to most, marijuana may cause severe memory and personality problems in a few people who are in effect "allergic" to it.

It is also possible for the individual who uses marijuana quite heavily to suffer "hangover effects" from large accumulations of cannabinoids in the body which may interfere with memory. Our own experiences and those of investigators abroad indicate this condition will clear up after abstinence from the drug for 7 to 14 days. There is no good evidence that there is a permanent effect on memory and a good amount of evidence that there

Beware! Young and Old—People in All Walks of Life!
Marihuana Cigarette
This may be handed you
by the friendly stranger. It contains the Killer Drug
"Marihuana"--a powerful narcotic in which lurks
Murder! Insanity! Death!
WARNING!
Dope peddlers are shrewd! They may
put some of this drug in the or
in the Cock-tail or in the tobacco cigarette.
WRITE FOR DETAILED INFORMATION, ENCLOSING 12 CENTS IN POSTAGE—MAILING COST
Address: THE INTER-STATE NARCOTIC ASSOCIATION
(Incorporated not for profit)
53 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

Reefer madness propaganda distributed by the Feds in the 1930s.

is not.

Marijuana causes brain damage: This contention, inherited from the *Reefer Madness* days when marijuana was the drug of insanity and death, has received new publicity lately with widely ballyhooed research from England and Tulane University. The English study reported finding cerebral atrophy (shrinking of the brain due to cell death, normally found in senility) in 13 young "cannabis users." The media failed to mention that these subjects were culled from thousands of patients in metropolitan London precisely because they had symptoms of senility, and that juvenile-onset cerebral atrophy has always affected a certain number of young people who are not drug-involved. They also failed to point out that all the 13 were either heavy multiple-drug users or were known to have histories of brain damage, or both.

In short, we have a situation equivalent to selecting only *Kung Fu* viewers who have committed axe murders, and then displaying them as typical *Kung Fu* viewers; and secondly, all the 13 subjects had one or more *more probable* causes for cerebral atrophy in their histories than cannabis use. The fact that the British investigators fixated on cannabis use as their choice for the cause of brain shrinkage says more about their biases than about marijuana's effects.

The Tulane University study has received wide exposure this year. At the university, Dr. Heath has had 10 monkeys smoking or being injected with marijuana, and has observed death and brain damage to result in some. Further, he alleged the dosages he used are equivalent to those used by high schoolers in the United States. Examination of his data, however, indicates he has a strange idea of what high schoolers use. Calculating his dosages in terms of the weight and potency of samples of marijuana actually taken from users over the past few years, they add up to be the equivalent of from 20 to 240 joints per day per monkey. Even for a human that's a lot of dope. Only those monkeys in the highest dose conditions died or showed severe pathology.

All drugs are damaging and lethal in sufficient amounts; aspirin, for example, causes massive bleeding from the intestines, irreversible kidney damage and toxic psychosis. Further, many drugs like alcohol have a lethal dose to intoxicating dose ratio of 10 : 1. Thus, what Heath's data actually shows is that marijuana is so nontoxic that it takes extended exposure to a ratio of 240: 1 to produce lethal effects. If Heath had been studying the effects of alcohol on man by using equivalent overdoses, all his monkeys would have died the first day of the study, and with aspirin they probably would have died or showed damage sooner. Further, cannabis undergoes significant chemical changes when pyrolized (burned). The applicability of findings using injected cannabis extracts to determine the effects of social use is therefore very questionable.

Moreover, aside from the defects of these studies, no brain damage was found in such well-controlled studies of chronic users as that in Jamaica, funded by the National Institute of Mental Health. Subjects in this study had smoked the equivalent of from 7 to 24 American joints a day of "ganja" for an average of 17 years. When compared to a matched group of nonusers from the same social strata, no differences were found in any aspect of mental or physical function. Field studies involving about 2,000 sub-

jects' social behavior, life histories, work output, etc., also showed no differences between those using ganja, however long or heavily, and those not using it. In Jamaica, 60 percent of the adult male population uses ganja, but no social stereotypes exist about ganja users being different from nonusers. Possibly as a result, there are no differences, even in lifestyle and attitudes.

It is worth noting that some of the studies alleging brain damage from cannabis use come from the Middle East or from studies of Middle Eastern hashish users in Europe. Middle Eastern hashish has been found to contain high concentrations of a quite toxic group of cannabinoids known as cannabivarins. The presence of these substances, plus the curious habit of using camel dung as a binder in hashish manufacture, may account for the relatively high incidence of observed ill effects from heavy hashish use.

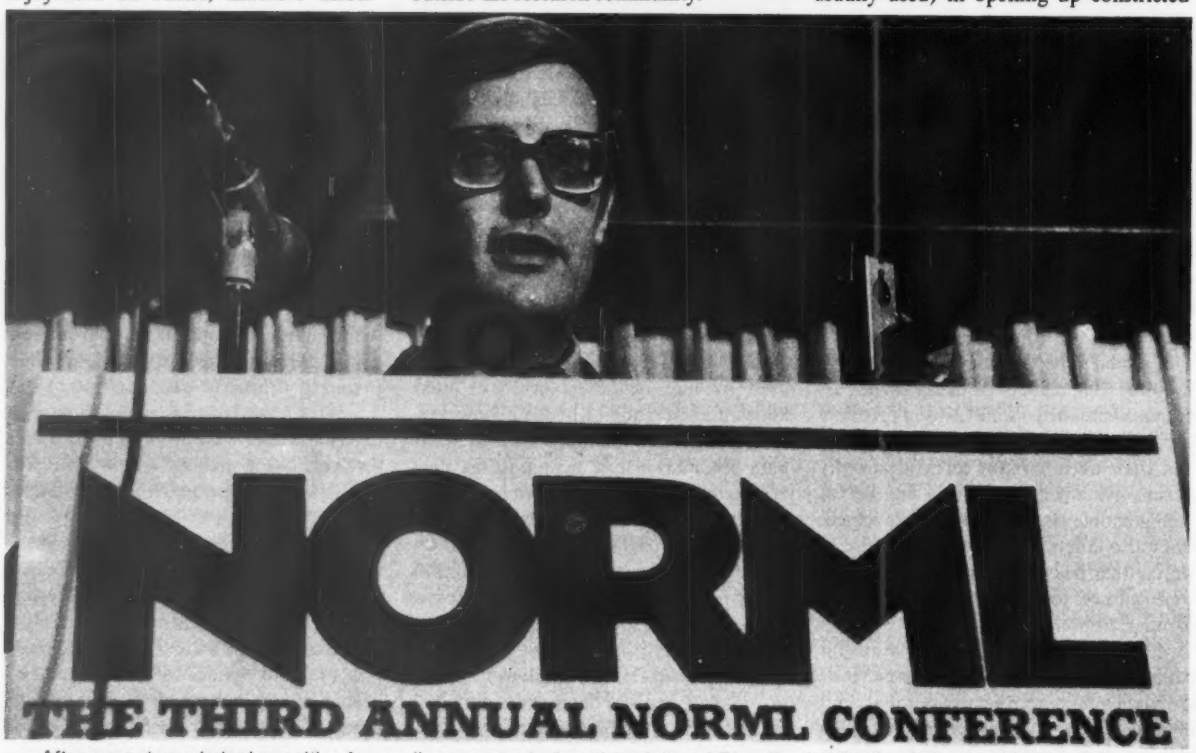
Grass is an aphrodisiac: Some native cultures believe cannabis is an aphrodisiac, while others scoff at the idea. In fact, several cultures use cannabis as a means of reinforcing sexual abstention. In summary, it seems correct to say that smoking cannabis can make one more relaxed and attuned to a sensual state of consciousness, and this, plus a seeming intensification of the senses, may be beneficial to some people's sexual behavior and enjoyment. In others, intrusive associations, physical reactions, etc., may interfere with sexual performance, although this is less common. Since sexuality is an area uncommonly susceptible to the effects of suggestion, the expectations of the user about the effects of marijuana on sex, whatever they are, are highly likely to fulfill themselves.

"Pot" keeps insects away: This view is not in vogue in the United States, but in folk medicine, cannabis plants are grown around cabbages to repel caterpillars, and twigs of cannabis are hung in bedrooms to repel gnats and flies. Whether or not this is effective remains to be tested under controlled conditions, although we know of only one species of insect that will attack cannabis.

So much for the rumors and half-truths. They abound largely because competent research in recent years has been stunted by the legal constraints on the plant and on those who study it—not to mention the political and social stigmas associated with it. Nevertheless, a substantial amount of unbiased research is currently being done on marijuana; and far from demonstrating the hazards of its use, the evidence points to many positive medical effects. This work has been conducted under sound methodological standards, and is consistent with what we know historically—but has received scant attention outside the research community.

Intraocular pressure: At UCLA in 1972, Hepler and Petrus of the Jules Stein Eye Institute found that, within minutes of smoking ordinary marijuana, the pressure of fluid in the eyeball drops, and remains depressed for about four to five hours, returning to its original level in about eight hours. Recent findings indicate it is the "high"-producing delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol (THC) in marijuana that is responsible. This could be of great importance because a major cause of blindness in the United States is glaucoma, a disease in which excessive fluid pressure in the eye can destroy the retina unless controlled. In preliminary studies, Hepler and his associates have found that glaucoma patients who were given marijuana to smoke show fluid pressure drops to the normal range. Existing medication for glaucoma is far from satisfactory in terms of reliability and side effects, so these findings are viewed with great interest.

Bronchial dilation: For centuries, one of marijuana's uses in folk medicine was as an asthma remedy and antitussive. In the U.S., pre-rolled marijuana cigarettes were manufactured by Grimault and Sons at the turn of the century and marketed in drugstores as an asthma remedy. At UCLA's pulmonary function laboratory, Tashkin and his associates found in 1972 that smoked marijuana is more effective than isoproterenol (the medication usually used) in opening up constricted



After opposing criminal penalties for marijuana users before the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, White House drug expert Robert DuPont hedged his position by sounding the alarm on the weed's health hazards.

bronchial airways in asthmatics, and these results have been confirmed by others.

Primary suggestibility: Before the turn of the century, marijuana was used by some psychiatrists to produce a state of heightened suggestibility so that otherwise nonresponsive patients could be hypnotized. Recent experimental studies have not supported these reports that marijuana can assist in hypnotizing people. In 1965 at Stanford University, Sjoberg demonstrated that the major hallucinogens LSD and mescaline enhance primary suggestibility (receptivity to hypnotic-type suggestions) during a waking state to a magnitude comparable with deep hypnosis. This study stimulated great interest in whether or not marijuana has similar effects. Helen Joan Crawford demonstrated in our laboratory this year that both low and high "social" doses of marijuana on the average enhanced primary suggestibility to a magnitude comparable with the state produced by hypnosis in the same subjects. Several subjects who were not responsive to hypnosis when "straight" showed significant suggestibility enhancements when "stoned," a finding which could have implications for psychotherapy. This heightened suggestibility while under the influence of marijuana provides an explanation for the subjective reports of heightened "sensitivity" to people and environments while "high." It also casts new light on users' common observations that smoking marijuana makes group experiences more easily shared and seems to "lower inhibitions," but in a very different way than does the depressant alcohol.

People who are bored, jaded and generally disinterested in life could become activated by marijuana's stimulating effect on imagination and the intensity of perceived sensation

Anesthesia: Harris and his associates, at the University of North Carolina Medical School, and Smith, at the University of Pennsylvania, have been investigating the properties of cannabis as an anesthetic, a use that dates back to 2000 B.C. in folk medicine. Early reports indicate that administering massive quantities (in humans, the equivalent of 1,000 joints or so) of a cannabinoid preparation produces anesthesia in the animal subject. Although unconscious, the animal shows no depression of respiration and heart action, retains life-maintaining reflexes such as gagging, and, in addition, shows a marked lowering of body temperature (hypothermia). Most anesthetics do depress vital signs and reflexes; thus cannabis may provide an improved way to relieve pain in circumstances where limited medical attention is available, such as among accident victims and battlefield casualties. Since hypothermia extends the time tissues can survive without oxygen, this effect of cannabis anesthesia is additionally attractive. However, Smith's results with human clinical research are not released, and there may be undesirable effects or difficulties in use of cannabis with man that counteract these advantageous features of the drug as an anesthetic.

Antibiotic: Czechoslovakian researchers have found that the classic use of cannabis in many cultures as a poultice for use on wounds, piles, corns, burns, sore feet and as a wash for sore eyes is based on sound medical properties. The fresh cannabis plant contains a cannabinoid called Cannabidiolic acid, which is a potent gram-positive antibiotic. The Czech research shows that it is effective against staphylococcus, streptococcus, enterococcus, the germs causing pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid, tuberculosis and numerous other bacteria causing human and animal diseases. Cannabidiolic acid is effective against strains of bacteria entirely resistant to penicillin and other antibiotics currently used, and has the same potency as penicillin. Unfortunately, Cannabidiolic acid is deactivated rapidly in the blood, and degenerates swiftly in the presence of oxygen and heat. It can be stabilized in a medical base, but until the incompatibility with human blood can be worked out, it is usable for external infections only. The Czechs got excellent clinical results using Cannabidiolic acid as a salve or poultice for the conditions listed above, and in irrigations of body passageways such as the urinary tract and ear canal. The researchers also found that their cannabis preparations exerted a local anesthetic action on the treated tissues, yielding particularly good clinical results when applied to burns, the nipples of nursing women, bed sores, exposed pulp in dental cases and skin infections in animal handlers.

In addition to clearly demonstrated

A new high

for Low.

"Andy has recorded an album that could place him in the front rank of British rock." **—Evening Standard**

"...the stuff of legends...the sort of music that only very special albums can boast...tastier than a melon in hell." **—Record Mirror**

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"Not since Cocker has a white English boy sounded so happily frantic inside his music." **—Sounds**

"Spider Jiving:" A new start for Andy Fairweather Low. On A&M Records

pharmacological properties, marijuana has a number of promising properties suggested either by as yet unconfirmed new research or by observation of folk medicine uses of the drug which seem to be effective across cultures.

Anticonvulsant: In folk medicine, cannabis is commonly used for cough, headache, menstrual cramps, as a relaxant and the like. Western doctors working with cannabis in the 1800s substantiated the effectiveness of cannabis for these purposes. Several decades ago, Davis and Ramsey conducted a study with brain-damaged epileptic children whose seizures were not being controlled by the traditional combination of Phenobarbital and Dilantin. Using synthetic THC (synhexyl), they obtained as good or better results in all cases than with previous medication. Consistent with the findings of British doctors, including Queen Victoria's personal physician, our research at UCLA shows that female marijuana users report significantly less time lost from work and school because of menstrual difficulties, and less cramping and pain. British researchers also found that cannabis stops spotting between menses. Our subjects commonly report that they use cannabis to good effect in aborting migraine headaches and similar tension-related problems, an effect substantiated in the last century by the British. Currently in the U.S., there is work now being done on the anticonvulsant properties of cannabis.

Anorexia nervosa: This condition consists of a pathological loss of appetite, leading to wasting of the body from malnutrition. Asian physicians, including modern practitioners trained in the West, report effective use of cannabis to restore appetite in such cases. Any marijuana user experiencing the "blind munchies" can testify to the drug's effect on appetite.

Addictive drug withdrawal and maintenance: Cannabis has been used clinically from time to time to aid in the "abstinence syndrome" (withdrawal) from "addicting" drugs such as heroin, barbiturates and alcohol, with mixed results. What investigators have not dealt with systematically is what Brecher, author of *Licit and Illicit Drugs*, identifies as the "post-abstinence syndrome": periodic attacks of "anxiety, depression and craving" for the drug persisting up to several years after the physical dependence has ceased.

Brecher marshals evidence that suffering the post-abstinence syndrome motivates detoxified addicts to return to the use of a dependence-producing drug, although they may choose a different drug than they previously used. For example, in New Mexico some 60 percent of heroin addicts become alcoholics within two years after withdrawal from heroin. Mikuriya and other investigators have reported cases in which alcoholics have successfully substituted marijuana for alcohol, and in our research we have observed a number of such cases. We have also encountered cases in which former heroin addicts self-medicate with marijuana when they feel distress, and have remained heroin-free for many years following this practice. Whatever the depressant involved, what is immediately obvious in these cases is that the individual is highly functional while maintaining on marijuana by comparison to his sorry state when drinking or mainlining. Several married subjects among the ex-addicts I have studied have middle-aged, "straight" wives, all of whom I observed to be quite anxious that their husbands not run out of marijuana. When the husbands use pot, the wives report them to be affable, interested in staying home and playing with the kids, making love, eating hungrily and listening to music; able and willing to work steadily and stay out of trouble.

In folk medicine, cannabis plants are grown around cabbages to repel caterpillars, and twigs of cannabis are hung in bedrooms to repel gnats

When on alcohol, these men were typically abusive, belligerent, in jail or otherwise not working frequently, and when working or in possession of money most of it went for alcohol. Whatever the merits of marijuana use in the average person, it is certainly the opinion of these women that chronic marijuana intoxication is greatly preferable to chronic alcohol intoxication. Research to determine what role, if any, marijuana might play generally in ex-addict maintenance and recidivism is under way.

A tonic for the blahs: Cannabis has been used for centuries in folk medicine to restore the spirits. It is reputed to have a tonic-like action, increasing energy, interest in life and appetite. Various early research projects in this century obtained conflicting results with true clinical depression, and it seems fair to summarize that cannabis does not relieve the kind of cyclic depressive condition, unrelated to circumstances in life, that has become increasingly common in recent years and is commonly treated with tricyclic antidepressants like Equanil. Instead, careful reading of the literature and observation of the effects of marijuana today lead me to suspect that these early folk healers were treating ennui, not clinical depression. People who are bored, jaded and generally disinterested in life could become activated by marijuana's stimulating effect on the imagination and the intensity of perceived sensation, or simply by the mild change in perspective produced by getting stoned.

During the 1950s, according to one unverified story told among drug researchers, a research team administered marijuana to patients on a hospital geriatrics ward with marked positive results: a renewed interest in food, social interaction and trips off the ward.

In a related vein, research on terminally ill cancer patients is currently in progress at UCLA to determine the effects on appetite, sleep, mood and need for pain-killing drugs produced by taking marijuana.

Cancer cure: In August of 1974, a group of pharmacologists at the Medical College of Virginia reported that the "active ingredient" in marijuana which causes the high—THC—inhibits the growth of a number of different kinds of cancer, including viral leukemia, in mice. Although a powerful drug recently introduced for cancer treatment in humans was somewhat more effective in inhibiting cancer growth than was THC, its side effects are seemingly far more serious. This research directly contradicts the findings of Nahas, et al., who claim marijuana reduces the T-cell immune response, which allegedly combats cancer and viruses. In addition, an attempt by a UCLA research team to replicate the Columbia findings met with failure. These conflicting results and the immense interest in finding cancer cures should stimulate intense future research in this area.

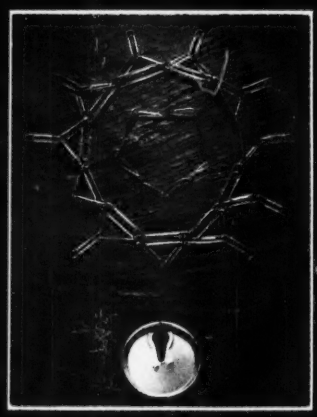
Given the large number of alternative possibilities for medical use of cannabis, it is probable that at least a few will prove out well enough in clinical practice to be adopted into Western medicine's pharmacopeia. One hopes that rationality will somehow come to prevail in the political arena so that research to determine what the benefits and hazards of marijuana use truly are, in objective comparison to other drugs, can be conducted and decisions made on the basis of sound information. ●

POORBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

These striking aluminum ash receptacles will add a touch of elegance to any decor. By Flaming Ash Hole. $49 per set.

POORBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Convert that obsolete stereo system into a modern quad unit with these superb speakers. They sound as good as they look. By Cacophony, $90 pair.



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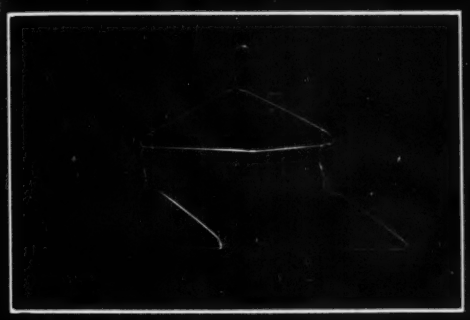
This set of tastefully designed matching luggage is lightweight and functional. By Pulp Inc., $89 set.



This masterpiece will be a welcome addition to the collection of anyone with a weakness for fine art. By Upwardly Mobile, $1650.

Recent advances in technology have enabled manufacturers to isolate the essential elements of fine after-shave, discarding the odoriferous additives as well as the causes of painful "shaver's sting." By Ohio River Products. $10 for 8 oz.

With a minimum of effort you can have an extra guest room, with this portable water-bed converter. By Sink-or-Swim, $35.

Recycled cigarettes are fast becoming de rigueur among ecology (and economy) buffs. This handsome carrying case comes with a 5-year or lifetime guarantee, whichever comes first. By Earl Butts Inc., $24.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN HENDERSON

Taking TOTAL CONTROL

In which Eddie Livingstone, used car salesman extraordinaire, explains how he bilks every "Gort" who comes his way

By Robert Ward

Eddie Livingstone is in an expansive mood. He is crouching on the edge of his overstuffed chair, a gin and tonic in his hand, and his favorite cartoon show blasting out from his new Sony color set.

"Be right with you after the Tasmanian Devil is over . . . a great show . . . there ain't nothing in the world like the Tasmanian Devil. Dig him; will you?"

Eddie jumps up and down, clapping his hands together like an escapee from a mental hospital.

"Look . . . look. . . ."

The town is alerted. The people are ready with an elaborate net-tunnel trap which is sure to nail the Tasmanian Devil, a weird little guy with a red oval body, a mouthful of razor-like teeth, and stubby little legs that churn like blades on a lawn mower. The TD is screaming along the road, burning holes in the asphalt, chomping at everything in sight—trees, cars, clouds. Eddie is smacking his hands together and jumping up and down, up and down. His daughter Jackie, who is 8 years old, is also jumping up and down. Eddie's wife Diane, a very good-looking brunette, wearing checkered pants and a white short-sleeved pullover, is smiling at her family.

On the set, the Tasmanian Devil wheels into town and proceeds to waste everything in sight—houses, cars, fire hydrants, pavement. He is a non-organic Ewell Gibbons eating the entire technology in huge gaping gulps . . . as he chews and chaws he makes weird and hilarious gulping sounds. Eddie is ecstatic, pounding his hands on the chair.

"Do you dig it? You can't stop the Tasmanian Devil. He just blows his way through everything. It's Jackie's and my favorite show. Right, Jackie?"

Jackie smiles, and puts her pretty head up against Eddie's legs.

"Yes, Daddy," she says.

"Tell Bob your standing order," Eddie says.

Jackie looks confused, and Eddie grimaces a little, showing big white teeth.

"The standing order," he says. "Come on, Jackie, you know about the standing order?"

Jackie smiles, takes off her thick glasses, and looks shyly at me.

"Daddy says no matter if he is asleep or dead drunk, or even if he's done up some dope, I should always wake him up when the Bugs Bunny show comes on so he can watch the Tasmanian Devil."

Eddie rubs her head, then takes a quick toss of his gin and tonic.

"I know you're here for an interview," he says. "But the Tasmanian Devil is relevant to what we are talking about. He might be just a cartoon, but he's into it. He blows through things, takes COMPLETE CONTROL."

When he says COMPLETE CONTROL, Eddie waves his arms around, and gives a huge grin.

"That is, of course, the essence of my success as a salesman. I take total control of other people's minds. I learned my techniques from Dave Sandler, of SMI. SMI is a TOTAL CONTROL."

One of the ways Eddie takes TOTAL CONTROL is by coming up with catchy word clusters, jingles or aphorisms, pronouncing these gems in a loud, semi-comical voice, and then repeating them a few times. All this has the effect of making the words seem at once absurd, a self-parody, and also unforgettable. It is his charm, his charisma, and it is also one of the ways he made $30,000 in only his second year of selling used cars—a Baltimore record.

Eddie asks Diane to get him another drink. Silently, she gets up from the couch and walks to the kitchen. Eddie sits back in his chair and nods his head in sweet respectful nostalgia.

"That Dave Sandler. You know about Success Motivation Institute. It's a

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN HENDERSON

total hustle. You sell—ostensibly you sell Success Tapes—you know, little practical hints and pep talks which the managers play for their employees. But that's not what you are really selling at all. What you are really selling is the fucking Hole in the Center of the Doughnut. You are really selling yourself. That's what Dave Sandler did. I've seen him in a room full of business tycoons, big Baltimore execs, and in two or three hours, during which time Dave doesn't stop riffing for a second, I've seen him close them all, all of them. He takes complete control, he hypnotizes them. Hypnosis is the essence of sales."

"How does he do it?" I ask.

"How does he do it?" says Eddie. "He does it by making them want to Be Him. You see, what you are selling basically is yourself. You've got to make them trust you, and like you, and you achieve this by making them think you have nothing to lose. You are an outlaw, someone who lives for the moment, who is alive to every possibility—there's a great deal of sex in it—but they have to want to be you. It's a performance. Dave Sandler is tops, tops. Hey, where's that drink, Diane? You want another drink, Bob? Oh look, the Tasmanian Devil is coming back on. I think I can imitate the way he churns around."

Eddie gets up from his chair, placing his drink carefully on the end table. For a second he stands at attention. Suddenly, he gets this demonic grin on his round face. His eyes cross. He begins churning his arms around like broken windmills and flailing his legs in all directions at once. He looks like a transistorized rag doll.

"Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah," he says.

Jackie goes into hysterics. I crack up.

Just as suddenly as he started, Eddie stops.

"Not bad, huh?" he says. "I do a pretty damn good Tasmanian Devil."

The Sales Meeting

Jerry's Chevrolet is the biggest and most successful dealership in the state of Maryland. Located just off the Baltimore Beltway, near Hartford Road, the showroom building looks like the mansion Orson Welles goes mad in during the last reel of *Citizen Kane.* The walls are shining white alabaster and the 55-foot panes of glass give off these weird surrealistic glares, which bounce off the endless fleet of cars. There are over 700 cars on the lot, and every morning as he pulls into the parking lot the colors streak out and hit Eddie's eyes, like a kaleidoscope.

And it never seems more like *The Circus of Dr. Lao* than during days like this one—that is, Sales Meeting Days. These are the days the salesmen stand around waiting to get it from Jerry, Mad Jerry Stoutberg, the 41-year-old, red-haired owner of Jerry's Chevrolet.

"Jerry played tight end under George Halas and I think it warped him out permanently," says Eddie.

Jerry's office is directly above the thick-rugged showroom. A giant glass window overlooks everything the salesmen in New Cars are doing. Like the eyes of Dr. T. J. Eckleburg, the windows glare down on the salesmen, unforgiving, relentless. Jerry is the Big Father upstairs, watching, demanding more and more.

Today at the sales meeting, Jerry stands in front of his workers, on his stage, behind his podium, the shotgun microphone level with his mouth. He is rubbing his five-year-old Botany 500 parameciumpatterned tie; he is straightening himself

"I've sold cars with the transmission held together with bailing wire, cars that couldn't possibly last a week"

out, getting himself good and rigid. He watches them coming in. There is Art Lawson, who looks sloppy today. He doesn't have the sharp, defined edges to his walk. If you don't have the sharp look, the Gorts will feel it, they'll feel the vacuum in the center of the showroom, that suction of emptiness, and like that, the sale is gone. A good salesman must fill up that vacuum with himself. There is Steve Baker, the all-American boy. Steve looks good, is soft-spoken, has that pretty, almost feminine face, very valuable when he's in a closing situation. But Baker also has the temper—uncontrollable, like the time he rolled one of the demos into Lake Roland. He reported it stolen, but Jerry was sure, almost positive, that Baker had done it on purpose. There's John Quillan, the farm boy, a good steady salesman 26 days a month, but now he's due for the epic drunk. And there's Mike Hedges, the sales manager—now that's the way a salesman should look: sharp, together, hair neatly combed. Smooth Mike. Jerry feels this little tingle of excitement as they sit down in their student desk seats and take out their pads of paper. Now he starts in, talking at them through the mike:

"We had a good month selling cars, a very good month. You sold over 400 units. That's moving cars. But, but. . . ."

Jerry stops and stares down into the faces. He can't believe it. Though it happens every once in a while, he *cannot* fucking believe it. Art Lawson is talking to Steve Baker, talking here at the fucking Sales Meeting. He cannot believe it. It reminds him of when he played for George Halas, and Ed Meadows started talking before the Lions game, and Halas just stopped talking and started staring at him, and he kept right on staring at him, just stared at him like he had these X-ray eyes. God it was frightening, and Jerry is cutting the same treatment now at Art Lawson, just staring, staring, and Lawson is shrinking down in his seat, getting smaller and smaller.

"What's a matter, Whip?" says Jerry. "You already know what I'm going to tell you? You got it figured?"

And Jerry is giving him that SS stare, right through him. The Whip is looking down at his notebook pad, shaking his head like a first-grader. "I'm sorry, Jerry," he says.

"All right," says Jerry. "We have a lot of things to talk about. So let's pay some attention. First, though you sold cars, you had a weak, a very weak, month on both collision insurance and financing. And no matter how many cars you sold, if you don't sell the insurance and the financing you won't make a pimple on a salesman's ass."

He stops now, and stares out at them.

Eddie Livingstone is holding his own, meeting Jerry's gaze. But he feels afraid. No matter how many times you tell yourself you won't let the fascist son of a bitch put you uptight, you still feel the fear, the same way you felt before running back a kickoff or shooting some grade A scag—that little fear which starts, for Eddie, in the scrotum and works its way up like a sonar current through the spinal column, up past the cundalini, and then right into the medulla. Eddie doesn't like being controlled by Jerry; he has his pride, his self-esteem. You are either Controlling, or you are Controlled. These are the conditions of a salesman's life.

Suddenly, from the back of the room, Eddie hears a voice.

It's Chico Armendez, the sharp little Puerto Rican salesman.

"Jerry, I want say something."

Jerry looks out at him, running his huge meaty athlete's hands through his

Robert Ward's last NEW TIMES piece was "The Yawn Patrol," about the police force of Geneva, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK SWANSON

Eddie and his fellow salesmen at Jerry's: waiting for the next Gort to come their way.

reddish-blond hair.

"You want say something?" he says. "Say something then."

Chico starts gulping, and stares down at his notebook. His feet are jerking a little, like a hanged man.

"Jerry, you know . . . you don't pay us for selling financing or collision insurance. We have no incentive to sell it."

Jerry now adds two more touches to his performance—the Bright Red Coloration in the Forehead, and the coup de grace, the Throbbing Jugular Vein in the Thick Bullneck. He remembers Halas, with his grimace, and he understands the effects of that Throbbing Pulsating Vein, like some kind of Out of Control Robot, just throbbing away, almost another part of him. The Vein has a will of its own.

"It doesn't matter if I pay you for it. You should sell it out of loyalty to the house."

Suddenly Chico straightens up. Eddie watches and feels the trembles. Chico is going to CHALLENGE JERRY.

"No," says Chico in a falsetto voice.

"No commission, no sell."

Jerry's vein is throbbing, and his head is blinking on-off, on-off. This fucking spic wise-ass. Jerry adds a third killer bit, Death Theater. He starts pummeling his big right fist into his open left palm. Eddie watches him up there—he's like some kind of science-fiction monstrosity, pummeling the fist in the meaty red palm, throbbing red, then redder, and pulsating that big blue vein, on-off, on-off until you can almost feel it pulsating inside your own shaking neck.

"No sell, huh?" Jerry screams into the mike. "No sell? Well, check this buddy. No sell? Then hit the fucking road! And don't let the door hit your ass on the way out!"

He stands there for a few seconds, staring, pummeling, blinking, throbbing. The salesmen squirm down in their chairs. Chico looks as if he has been poleaxed. There is no more talk about commission for selling insurance or financing. Jerry has taken TOTAL CONTROL.

Eddie at the Beach

We are on the beach at Ocean City, Maryland. Eddie, Diane, Jackie, who is building sand castles by the Atlantic's edge, and myself. Eddie is wearing a bright red bathing suit, and staring worriedly at the sun.

"Gimme that Sea and Ski, Diane," he says.

Diane is slow to react.

"I said NOW, Diane."

Diane mumbles, "Fuck you," and hands Eddie the lotion. Eddie begins rubbing the goo all over his chunky body. As he is rubbing, he is worriedly looking at the sun.

"Awesome," he says, shaking his head. "I said the fucking sun was awesome."

"You better hurry or it might get you," says Diane.

"Laugh, Diane," says Eddie, frantically covering himself. "Laugh at me. But tonight when I'm comfortably drunk and lying back, and you're fucking moaning, then you'll be sorry you didn't listen. It's awesome."

He looks up again, shakes his head and whistles. He seems to be deeply distrustful of the sun. It's trying to control him.

Finally he gets his entire body covered. He is dripping with lotion, shining like a slick beaver.

We all lie on the blanket. The sun beats down on us.

"I'd like to quit, live this way the rest of my life," Eddie says. "Back when I was a junkie, I'd get some Dilaudid from Dallas, and shoot and go swimming every day. I was into a healthy bag in those days."

Diane snorts.

"I was," Eddie says. "It was all right. I'm not ashamed of being a junkie. It was Total Pleasure. Complete and total

relief from pain."

We are silent for a few minutes, and then Eddie speaks up.

"There is more than a little to the relationship between the existential outlaw, the hipster, and the used car salesman," he says in his professorial voice. "You ever read Mailer's essay on it—*The White Negro*?"

I tell him I have.

"Well, that's it. The used car salesman is really the new breed of outlaw. All of them over at Jerry's and the other places I've worked are essentially the same. They are rootless, don't believe in anything except their own power to churn through anything. It's like. . .the Tasmanian Devil. Whatever obstacles the Gorts put up, you just churn through them. We don't believe in nothing. I'm not trying to romanticize it. It's simply the truth. And in the car business there's a real difference between new car salesmen and used car types. The new car salesman thinks of himself as almost a professional man. He is in the mainstream of American society, selling a beautiful, attractive new item which gets a big ad campaign, which millions of people dream about and want. He's linked to success, to the middle class. The used car salesman, on the other hand, deals with the slobs who are the losers in society. They don't have any bread, aren't likely to ever get any, and are forced to take the scrap heaps of the society. And what they get is 99 percent shit. I've sold cars with the transmission held together by bailing wire. I've sold cars that I knew couldn't possibly last more than a week. One night a guy came—it was a Friday night, and he had his whole family with him. We'd already closed the deal and he was going to drive off with all those little Gorts—eating ice cream and smiling—your typical NFG asshole."

"What's a Gort, and an NFG?" I ask.

"A Gort?" Eddie looks philosophical, and then peers suspiciously at the sun.

"A Gort is exactly what it sounds like. I mean you hear the word "Gort" and you think of something that's dumb, ugly and tough—a green wart. In short, your basic lower-class moron. NFG is NO FUCKING GOOD, which is synonymous with Gort."

"What happened to the guy who wanted to get the car?"

"Oh yeah, him. Well, the Gort got his whole family in the car and turned on the key and it wouldn't start. Now, he didn't know it, but the law in Maryland says that if the deal is closed, the papers are drawn up, the bank has agreed to finance the deal and all that, the car still isn't legally the financial responsibility of the buyer unless he can drive it off the lot. So it was my job, Jerry's job, to get the car Down the Road. That's another colorful expression you might want to throw into the article. Down the Fucking Road. Which means, it was my job to get that Gort and his family of little Gorts onto Joppa Road. Once he was there he had bought himself the car."

"How did you do it?"

Eddie turns over and looks up at me.

"Well it was easier than it sounds. You see I already had Complete Control of him. He trusted me. I'd cut all the riffs. He thought he was getting a preferred interest rate, when in actuality he had not only paid the highest possible interest rate, but had also bought a hundred thousand dollars' worth of life insurance. But I had convinced him otherwise. I had told him I'd had to fight my manager tooth and nail to get him a deal, and he felt obligated to me. What it boils down to is the Gort felt more obligated to me, his friend, to buy the car, than he did to protect his own interests. In short, when the car wouldn't start I got a concerned look, and I made him feel embarrassed for me. After all, look at all the trouble I'd gone to to sell it for him. So he agreed to let me push him down to the road to get it started."

Maryland law says the buyer must be able to get the car off the lot. Eddie helped one guy push his purchase

"You're kidding. You mean the guy pushed the car out on the road?"

"That's exactly right," Eddie says. "I gave him a hot shot once he was on the road, and he went chugging away. But the deal was complete. He was . . . Down the Road."

"Don't you ever feel guilty doing things like that to people?"

"Never," says Eddie. "I know it's hard to believe, but I never feel anything but good. When I call them Gorts, it's not just a joke. They come in wearing bedroom slippers, have 1953 wiffle haircuts, some screaming kids with ice cream all over their Colts T-shirts, and I get this crawling feeling. It's not really like being around people. A person would have some self-respect, protect himself. Listen, a real person wouldn't ask a car salesman anything to begin with. What kind of a fool believes a salesman? Therefore, you're not working with real people. They're Gorts, plain and simple. Still, I'd like to get out of it. I mean it."

He is silent for a second, and then suggests we go swimming.

A few seconds later Eddie and I are both hugging our surf mats waiting for a big wave to come in. In front of us is an elderly man, wading in up to his knees. Suddenly a beautiful wave begins cresting toward us. Eddie winks and makes his chop chop chop Tasmanian Devil face.

"Watch this," he says.

He expertly catches the wave, goes soaring up toward the blue sky, and then down toward shore at a terrific rate of speed. The old man throws up his arms, and yells loudly. At the last minute Eddie swerves away from him, but the man has lost his balance, and falls in the surf.

Slowly he picks himself up. Eddie comes over to him, and takes his arm.

"Sorry," he says. "Must have gotten out of control."

The man nods and turns toward the beach.

Eddie waves back out to me, and throws back his head. His laugh is loud and long.

"Did you catch that?" he says. "Fucking Gorts. What the hell you gonna do?"

Dealing the Gorts

Eddie no longer works for Jerry's. This is because he wrecked two of Jerry's demos. These days he is pushing cars for a Datsun dealer on the other side of town. When I arrive it is 2:00 in the afternoon, and the sun is beating down on the city like it has some personal score to settle. Eddie waves to me from his desk, and answers the phone:

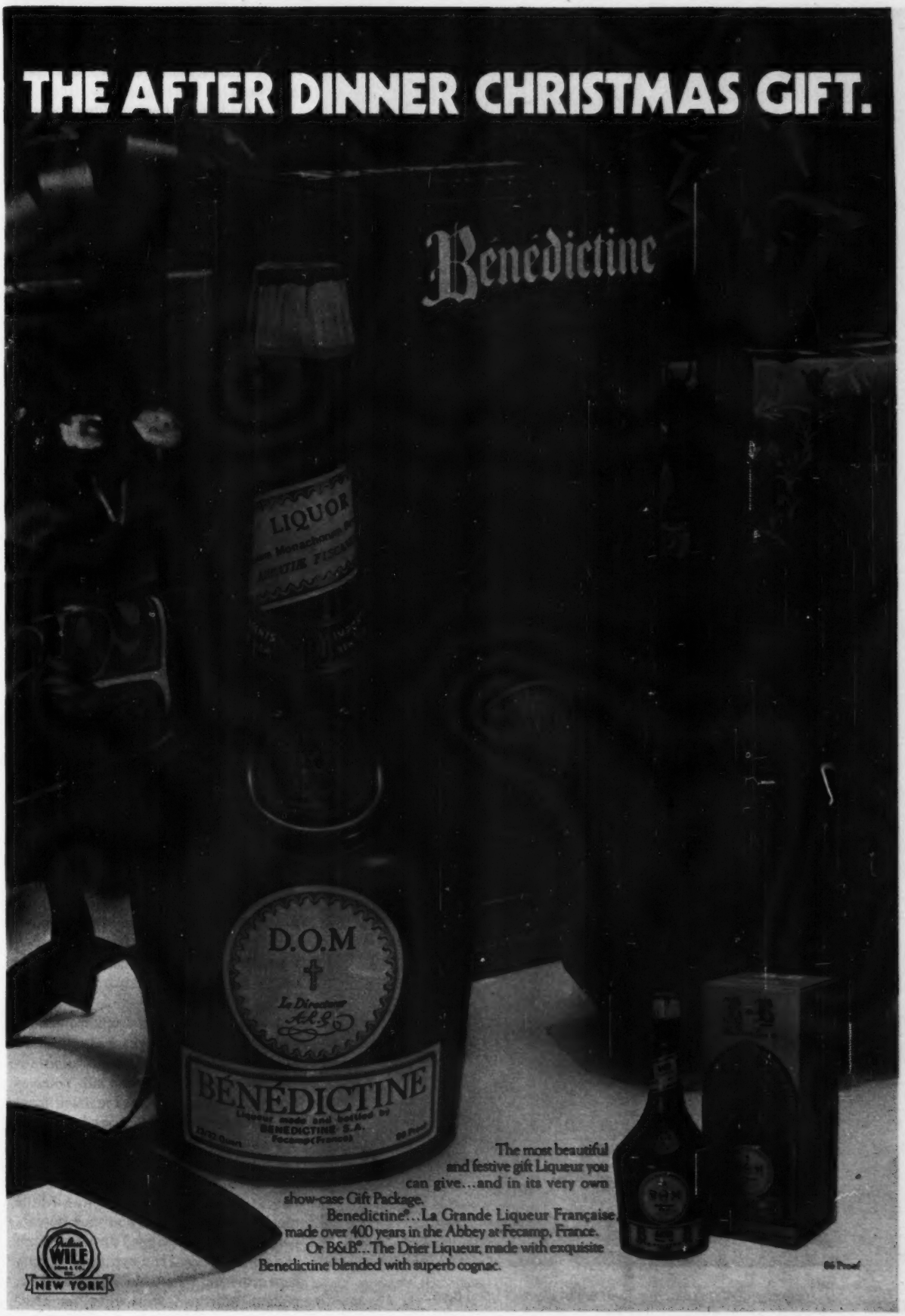
"So those guys are going to give it to you for $3,500. I'll tell you what, if I can get my manager to come down a couple a hundred and get you a preferred interest rate, would you still be willing to buy it from me?"

There is a silence. Eddie reads *Rolling Stone*'s gossip page, lights a cigarette.

"You would? Okay. Let me get back to you in five minutes, Jim."

He hangs up, and chops his teeth.

"Typical hustle. I got this guy in here wants a Datsun, and I got him to sign the preliminary papers. Then he gets home, and gets a call from those scumbags down the street. They are the Jerry's of foreign cars—real no-class morons. They not only cheat the customer but let him know they're ripping him off. I mean, the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Eddie Livingstone, the Tasmanian Devil of used cars.

whole idea of finessing someone is not letting them know. Lemme call the guy back."

"Don't you have to see your manager first?"

Eddie gives the Big Winnuh Smile.

"Nah, that's just a jive trick. Look, I'll give away whatever I have to. When you're in a bidding war like this one, you got to take your chances. I think I've got him. He said to me, 'You treat me right, Mr. Livingstone. Those other guys made me feel small.' That's the secret. You have to get them liking you. By the time the guy walks out he should feel like you and he are partners."

Eddie calls back. His voice is low, full of resonance, rife with understanding and compassion for the customer's predicament. After five minutes of riffing at the guy, Eddie smiles and gives me the closed finger.

"He'll be in in a few minutes. It's all a matter of technique."

"You are amazing. How do you handle a normal customer who just walks in here?"

Eddie sits back and picks up *Rolling Stone*. He looks as though he hasn't heard me.

"Love this Mick Jagger. What insolence. Untarnished insolence. He's a great salesman."

"I hadn't thought of him that way."

Eddie reaches across the desk and pounds me on the shoulders.

"You hadn't? What the hell else is he? He's selling a myth. I mean the Stones are good, but when you hear their music you are also buying their image. If you heard the tunes without knowing that Mick Jagger was the devil they would sound totally different. Might sound like the silly adolescent crap that they are."

Eddie stands up and stretches.

"This is such a low-key place I have to read *Rolling Stone* to stay awake. Sometimes I wish I was still at Jerry's. But when I ate the permission slip that finished me off."

"What?"

"Well, I was real drunk, you know, and when I get really whacked out I have this thing about treeing the town. Got it from westerns when I was a kid. Younger Brothers come in and tree the town, shoot up bars. Well I do this kind of technological tree job. I take a demo car and run it up over a curb, smash into parking meters. Usually it just puts a few dents in the car, but this one night I was a little more juiced than usual and took down a parking meter, and ripped the whole front end out of the car. The Baltimore County cops came and I thought I'd be real docile, polite. The cops love it when you chal-

lenge their authority. So I was going to be cool. They got me up to the Towson police station and asked me if I would give them permission to take a breathameter test. I said, 'Sure, why not?' They gave me this permission slip to sign, and left the room for a minute. I signed it, and then I got this weird idea, no doubt inspired by the Wild Turkey. I thought, 'This is nuts, but it's true.' I thought, 'If I eat the permission slip, they won't know I'm drunk.' I mean the idea does have some kind of absurd logic to it. You can't take the test, they can't prove you are drunk. Anyway, it seemed like a colorful idea. So I just started eating the permission slip. It was hanging out of my mouth when the sergeant came back in the room. Pissed him off, plenty. They got real nasty after that. At my trial the judge wanted to give me a break. He wasn't a bad dude. But when he saw what I had done with the car, and then the eating, that hooked it. He had to suspend my license. Jerry wasn't real happy about it either. Started that pulsating vein shit again."

I start to say something, but Eddie holds up a big hand.

"Oh yeah, you wanted to know about sales techniques. Okay, I'll give you a hypothetical situation, and then you can stand around and watch me if you want."

"That won't bother you?"

"Bother me? Hey it turns me on to have someone watching me. It's like Mick Jagger—a performance. I dig the performance part of it nearly as much as making the killing."

Eddie walks over to the window, and dramatically pivots toward me. He looks like a wrestler stalking his man.

"Here's the bit. The average Gort walks in here. He's looking for a deal. When he asks you for a price, you can fluctuate it about $500."

"How can you tell just how much he'll go for?"

"Well, it's like this. You make small talk with him, you feel out his personality, you read his mind. Then you tell him the car is approximately $500 more than the list price. If he seems interested, you send him on a demo ride. When he gets back, then you have to start laying it down on him. Always walk up to him casually. Remember what Dave Sandler says: he has to want to be you. He's hung up—got a family of little Gorts, an old lady who looks like a stuffed moose, and you're young, and hip, and alive. That's where the sex comes in. The Gort's main fear, besides economic fear, is malperformance in sex. When he looks at you swaggering up, he is intimidated, and awed a little by you. You're dressed well, you maybe have a mistress, a groovy townhouse downtown. You're everything he isn't."

"Couldn't that work against you?"

"No, not unless you pour it on too thick. I get what you're saying. The guy will think you're a pansy, a rich punk, but you never let your sexuality get that blatant. You just swagger up, and then you counter this playboy image with a little earnest talk: (it's good to do this part clandestinely . . . out of the corner of the mouth) 'Hey,' you say, 'I haven't sold a car all week. I need a sale to get my draw check. This car's been here for a while. Let me ask you something.' Here it's important to kind of grab his elbow and pull him toward you, because the essence of sales is controlling the other person's mind. 'Listen,' you say, 'I think they're ready to let this car go at a token profit. Would you buy it if I could get him to come down $500 in price?' HIM is a very key word. It sounds like an OLD TESTAMENT GOD or something. Now the occasional sophisticated Gort will say, 'Who's HIM?' and you say, 'HE'S my manager. If I can get him to cut the price $500 could you give me a couple hundred dollars deposit today?' Then the Gort might say, 'Do you think your manager will do that?' and you say, slowly, very slowly here, 'Well, there is only one way to find out. Let's go write it up.' Usually at that point I've got him."

Outside, a 1965 Plymouth drives up to the lot, and a young black guy gets out and begins walking up to the glass doors.

Eddie smiles, and begins rubbing his hands together.

"Here comes the reggin," he laughs.

"All right, I'll bite. What's a reggin?"

"What's a reggin?" laughs Eddie. "Reggin is nigger spelled backwards."

The black guy opens the door.

"Ah, Bill," says Eddie, "It's good to see you."

Eddie starts walking toward Bill with that assured, sexy swagger.

Bill smiles as if he has found a long-lost friend.

"I'm glad you came down another hundred, Mr. Livingstone," he says. "That other company is a real no-class outfit, just like you said."

Eddie nods, and offers the black guy five. Bill smiles and hits Eddie's palm.

"You know what I think," says Bill. "I think those other guys are a bunch of crooks. They even offered me $100 less than your last offer, but I told them to forget it. I'm going with you. You know how to treat somebody."

"Yes," Eddie nods, turning his head a little to catch my eye. "You've come to the right place, Bill. We really know how to take care of people here."

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENIS ORLOFF

Van Camp's ladies of the night

By Laura Parker

I figured that working all night in the cannery would give me time to think about my future, my life. But for the 256 other women, Stokely Van Camp is their future, their life

A cool breeze is blowing out of the hills, down across the valley to soothe the parched earth. The heat from the sun had sizzled the green fields earlier, but now that evening has come, the breeze ripples across the rows of cabbage and broccoli like an ocean swell rolling toward the shore. Slender corn stalks lift their tangled blond tassles to the wind. The night is still, the birds are silent. At the edge of the river, a choir of crickets begins to sing. In the distance, hundreds of lights flicker on at Stokely Van Camp, Inc.

"ALL RIGHT, LA-DDIEESS! LE'S GO TO WORK!"

The voice shrieks out into the night from the top of the fire escape stairs. Inside, 256 women dressed in Goodwill castoffs, broken-down Red Cross nursing shoes, hairnets and white plastic aprons rise from the lunchroom benches and waddle slowly down the long, dark hallway to the stairs to the first floor. Com'on move your ass, sister.

The cannery sits on top of a small rise next to the river like an overgrown anthill. Each night it orders an army of swathers and trucks and combines and migrant workers out into the darkness to raid the sleeping fields. When its huge appetite is satisfied, men in white hats from Quality Control drive out to the fields to tell the farmer, "We're gonna bypass yours. Sorry." Maybe if he is lucky, the farmer can peddle his crops across the border where the quality standards are not as strict and the profit is not as high. That whitewashed building under the Stokely water tower helps rule the valley. And its reign includes miles and miles of strawberries and peas and corn and carrots . . . and cauliflower.

"Hey, you there. Wanna work t'night? Then get off your butt and get down those stairs."

By the time I catch up, the women have already begun their descent down the old wooden steps to the Cauliflower Room. Down, down, down to the ground floor. Hands grip the skinny metal handrail as tired old bodies force stiff knees to bend down the stairs. Careful, watch your step. Move along, ladies. Down, down into the Hole, all the way to the bottom. Down to the dampness. The Dungeon. Hurry up, ladies, it's almost time.

A forklift loaded with stacks of little white boxes whizzes past in front of me and disappears into a dark, damp cavern. Faded red letters on the heavy door read, "Cold Storage." Frost reaches out as we file past and slips its long slender fingers under aprons, into pockets. I shiver and pull my thin sweater closer to my body.

The cement floor is wet. Leaves and cardboard and mud float by in narrow trenches in the floor that are covered with rusty metal grates. My tennis shoes are getting soggy as I tiptoe through muddy puddles.

We are herded past the stacks of boxed cauliflower, past piles of folded-up cardboard crates, past racks filled with trays, past hoses and cleanup boys. Past the bacteria lab, 'round the corner. Almost there. Then, POW! The stench of blanched cauliflower and steam and sweat hits you in the face. You want to gag, run, vomit and tear off your nose all at the same time. You will never get used to that smell.

The herd is corraled in between the giant conveyor belts, then individuals wander to assigned spots along the lines, like so many cattle in their stalls, waiting for an evening milking. Everything is dripping wet from the hoses after the cleanup from the last shift. It is five minutes before seven when the floor lady throws the switch to start the lines moving. Stokely almost always starts the shift early.

Yellowish cauliflower heads tumble through the chute from trucks outside. They move by conveyor belt through the room where they are cored, sliced, trimmed, blanched, boxed, weighed and sealed. You are either a Corer, a Trimmer, a Sorter, a Boxer or a Weigher.

Corers chop out the core of the head with a horseshoe-shaped blade mounted on a small wooden platform. The blade drops like a guillotine when a button at the base of the platform is depressed with the foot.

KA-WHOP! Jesuzz, I hope to God they don't put me up there.

"Hey you. You new? Commere, we

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENIS ORLOFF

need a Corer. Yes, *you*. You wanna work t'night? Then get your butt up here fast. Here, watch me. Hold on here and . . ."

KA-WHOP! The blade comes crashing down so that there is a little wind on my fingers.

"Now look, you didn't hold it close enough 'cause you didn't get all the core out. Move it in closer like this. Don't let go this time when you punch the button, then you'll never get it out. And don't slice off any fingers. We need you 'cause we're short-handed t'night."

We are lined up in a row. A row of guillotines. Chop, slice, mince, hack. The thud of blades on the wood makes me nervous. Women are chopping and hacking in front and behind me. Across the conveyor belt, another row of guillotines crashes down on cauliflower and fingers.

The woman in front of me wipes her brow with her left hand and I see that she has only three fingers and part of a thumb. Hands with shortened stubs and scarred thumbs reach onto the conveyor belt to grab at the cauliflower heads.

"Goddamn sonnuva . . . ,"shrieks out above the jammer of the machinery and chopping blades. A woman runs from her tool upstairs to first aid. She only sliced one finger. It will grow back together.

A gigantic cauliflower head bobs along the line and I grab it before anyone else does. I line it up carefully under the blade and place my foot on the button, but it doesn't go down because suddenly all I can see are hacked up hands waving before my eyes. My fingers are sweating and the cauliflower keeps slipping away from them. I am suddenly hot. How will I ever button my shirts or pick up dimes or wear rings, or, or . . . KA-WHOP! I open my eyes and look for blood on the platform. Are they all still there?

"Hey, can't I *please* do something else? I'm scared."

"Nah, you'll get used to it."

It is hot tonight. Steam and sweat are running down the walls and dripping off overhead pipes. Flies buzz around on the ceiling. They hang on the walls and drown in the steam and fall to the floor where they are scooped up with spilled cauliflower and dumped back onto the belts. They will fall out or be picked out farther down the line by the spot checkers, and if they aren't, well, a half dozen flies in a ton of cauliflower makes little difference, unless one is in the box you buy.

It is 7:17. I have been chopping for 22 minutes and I still flinch each time the blade drops on my platform. I grit my teeth waiting to feel the sharp steel bite into my fingers. I still line each head up carefully under the blade before stepping on the button. My caution slows me down.

"Hey you. Ya' work too slow," the floor lady barks into my ear. I jump. Silently, she crept up behind to watch me work.

"Get over there."

She moves me to the trimming belt and hands me a dime-store paring knife that is so dull I can hardly cut the rot, leaves, bruises and yellow stains from the chunks of sliced cauliflower as they ride by on their way to the blancher. I have to slouch a little to reach the conveyor belt. Slouching makes my back ache.

Slicing bruises off cauliflower is boring. I have never known anything to be so tedious. Slice with the knife, rot drops into the waste gutter. One second gone. Trim. A leaf falls to the floor. Another second. The line stops and we wait. The line starts again and we cut like mad to trim all the chunks that piled up while the line was stopped. The pieces on the belt thin out and we wait for more to come. The line stops and then starts again.

Hands with shortened stubs and scarred thumbs grab at the cauliflower heads

In 60 seconds I can trim more than 40 pieces of cauliflower, if the lines are running fast enough. If the lines are running slow, I trim only a dozen and then just stand there and watch the seconds tick by on the clock.

7:19. I try to think about something else besides the time, but the machinery is too noisy and the work is too monotonous. It is so monotonous that it is all I can think about. I try slicing left-handed so that I will have something else to concentrate on besides the time. My legs are starting to hurt from standing in one position for such a long time. I figure my wages if we work eight hours this night. Or ten or nine and three-quarters. I figure out how much I will make if we work eight-hour shifts for the whole week. And for the two-week pay period. And now it is 7:27.

I watch the clock and think about the hurt in my legs. I squirm restlessly in my spot along the lines.

The woman next to me nudges me. "Count. It helps." Her lips move as she silently chants number rhythms to herself. She does not fidget as I do, and she is smiling. She is actually smiling. But right now, she is miles and miles from this room and these lines.

I count the number of pieces that I trim before the line stops again, but I cannot keep my eyes off the clock on the wall. Each time the lines stop, time floods back into my mind and I cannot shut it out. It is the one thing I am constantly conscious of.

The woman next to me is still counting, even when the line is shut down. She almost looks like she is enjoying herself. I try once more to shut out the clock. I count the cracks in the floor and the pipes overhead and the boards on the wall and the aprons on the women and the flies in the air and . . . "Hey! Can't work lookin' 'round like that. Git busy!"

My legs ache. I shift my weight from one leg to the other and back again, but I cannot ease out the pain. The hardness of the concrete floor creeps up through my legs, rising slowly through my knees and thighs. It settles in my hips. My legs are throbbing. I want to run and shake them. I'd settle for kicking the floor lady. Maybe the pain would go if I could sit down somewhere for a little while. . . . "Hey, floor lady, could I please go to the bathroom?"

The restroom is like the kind in the back of filling stations in small, out-of-the-way towns, except that it is bigger. A sign on the wall reads, "Wash Your Hands Thoroughly Before Returning To The Lines." The smell of soap and disinfectant contrasts sharply with the smell of cauliflower on my clothes and hands. I stink. I sit on the floor of one of the stalls and prop my legs up on the toilet seat and rub them. They still ache.

The blood is beginning to run back through my veins from my feet when a thick white shoe covered with cauliflower crumbs and the stink of downstairs comes under the door and kicks me in the back. "Hey, move it."

I scramble out to let a grey-haired lady old enough to be my grandmother have my place. As I leave, I see that none of the other stalls is occupied.

Only four minutes passed while I was away. I pick up my knife and cut more bruises off the white flowered nuggets and wait for the time to pass. It passes slowly. You stand there in the same place every night, hour after hour, without moving. No talking, no sitting, no looking around. Just working and breathing. And standing. So you endure, and watch the minute hand on the clock drag itself from one digit to the next until a whole hour has gone by and then you start all over again. Just when you cannot bear the pain in your legs any longer, so that they are ready to explode all over the floor and then

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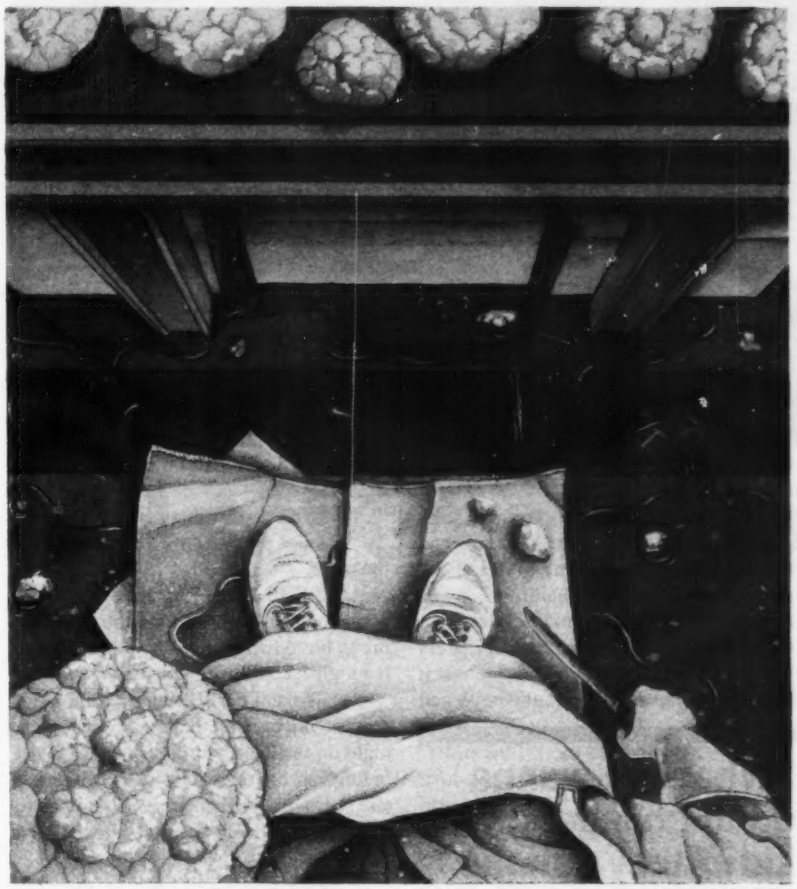
dangle like two limp split sausages from your waist, the clock ticks off the 150th minute and the floor lady shuts down the lines and Stokely rewards you with a 15-minute coffee break.

At first, I can hardly move my legs. They have already begun to sink into the concrete floor like two pilings sunk into the river, but I gently ease them back and forth until they work loose and I stumble like a newborn fawn to the end of a long line of sweating, stinking workers.

I spend the first three minutes of my precious coffee break waiting for the long line of women to slowly waddle up the stairs and through the hallway to the lunchroom. I could have been sitting down.



The lunchroom is crowded and there is a lot of pushing and nudging in the race for seats, dumping sack lunches and clothing onto the floor, where they are trampled.

Most of the women are middle-aged. They started working for Stokely when they were 20, like me, and now 20 years later it shows in their paralyzed vein-striped legs, sagging shoulders and dulled eyes. Their bodies are old and worn-out. Long ago they traded their chance for a career for union wages and double time on the Fourth of July. For 20 years, Stokely has been all they have known. And now it is all they want to know. Things come easier that way.

The ladies huddle together at the picnic tables sipping coffee. They talk about screwing and inflation and bowling and drinking. And they complain about Social Security increases. They work from June to October and then collect unemployment for the rest of the year. Rocking-chair money, we call it. I never understood if it was right or not, but no one seems to mind, and every June our governor gets to say that unemployment is down.

I have been snacking on cookies and listening to two women argue about how much more cauliflower we will process tonight. An old woman has been glaring at me from across the table because she wanted to sit where I am and I am too tired to move. At 9:42 the floor lady runs around the tables, banging benches and hollering, "All right, ladies, back to work." It is three minutes early, but the ladies rise moaning and groaning from their seats and scurry back down the stairs like a flock of sheep because the floor lady is the Boss. She is feared and obeyed, but not respected.

I linger stubbornly at the bench. We are supposed to get a full 15 minutes for break. I already lost four minutes coming up the stairs behind those slow-moving old women. I won't lose another three going back early. The short middle-aged woman who has been working next to me at the trimming belt pauses at my table.

"Com'on, she's waiting for us."

I explode up off the bench. "Why?" I ask her. "Why did they all go back. It isn't time yet."

She looks at me and shrugs. "It will be by the time we get downstairs. She usually gives us a little longer. Must be a lot of trucks comin' in t'night."

"But . . . ," I stammer. My voice dies in my throat. Thelma's job is more important to her than three minutes cut off her break. If she cooperates and the floor lady likes her, maybe she won't get laid off when the harvest slacks off. It is important not to get laid off too soon. Otherwise, she won't be eligible for unemployment.

Because we cannot talk and because there is nothing else to do, except chop or trim or box or weigh, I used to figure that working alongside the lines in the Cauliflower Room of Stokely Van Camp would mean that I could have unlimited time to think to myself. About myself. About my future, my life. But for 256 women, Stokely Van Camp is their future, their life.

Stokely is a summer job when I need the money. I have worked the fields in the Skagit Valley in northern Washington since I was 8. The cannery is at the top of a hierarchy of jobs that began in the strawberry fields at 50 cents a flat. But this is the end of the succession. I have worked my way up from the strawberry fields to the cannery and after this summer I won't be coming back. But they are all coming back. Year after year, they all keep coming back. Thelma tells me this is her last season because she hates it so. But she will be back with all the rest because they will still need the money a year from now.

They work here because that's all there is in this valley. A river and acres and acres of farmland. And Stokely. If they don't want to work at Stokely's, then they can work at another cannery. They work here because they can earn almost $40 in one night and they are just trying to make ends meet and this is the best-paying job they can get.

Thelma's voice still rings in my ears. "Ah, it ain't so bad of a job. My kids are all out in the fields in the summer, and I'm off from here and home in winter. I ain't gonna work in no store for two bucks a hour. I'm tough enough to take it here. 'Sides, there ain't no other jobs that pay as good. And I'm off getting unemployment end of September."

After years of being shoved and

bossed and pushed around, the women have become passive about their situation. They accept it, but their bitterness hangs in the air like a suffocating grey cloud that blends with the stink and sweat to make the atmosphere thoroughly depressing.

"Whadaya wanna go to college for, kid?" they used to ask me. "Are you gonna have a job when you get out? What good is the education with no job?"

"A waste of money if you ask me," Thelma told me once.

Stokely Van Camp offered these women more money than any other job could have. Their whole life has been spent cutting up cauliflower and putting it in little white boxes, ordered about like zombies by a woman who has been there the longest.

Stokely can offer job security. Thelma told me, "Now that I've got some seniority, I can get my kids on when they're old enough." Once the family name has been established, the children of the women are able to get jobs. They all work for the same reason as I: money. For them, this is the easiest way to get it.

My legs have begun to ache again. The concrete floor pounds its way up through my shoes. The cleanup boys bring over a piece of cardboard to stand on. It helps some to soften the hard floor, but soon the cardboard becomes waterlogged and melts into a soggy mass in a brown puddle.

Suddenly, I cannot stand the stink and chopping and hollering floor lady and the 256 zombie bodies any longer. I ask permission to go to the bathroom again, and crawl back up those old wooden steps to the lunchroom, and sit and cry. I cry because I hate that place so much. I hate it because it stinks and it's wet and noisy and my legs hurt. You are not human, just a pair of hands that work too slow. I hate it because you can't sit down and you have to ask if you can go to the bathroom. I cry because I hate that cannery more than anything else I have hated in my life. I cry because I hate it and I cannot quit. I need the money too much.

"Whadaya wanna go to college for, kid?" they ask me. "What good is education with no job?"

The lunchroom attendant is bending over me. Hers are the only kind words I have heard all night. I mumble that I am sick.

"This is your first night, isn't it?"

I nod without lifting my head from the table.

"Well, it takes a little while for your body to get used to nights. And it's pretty hot down there. Why don't you call it a night? You'll feel better tomorrow."

She smiles. She knows. She is remembering back all those years to her first night on the lines. Her life. All spread out before her. But then there wasn't too much else she could do. And now she's too old to do anything else. I look at her and she shrugs.

Two ladies are standing near the wall as I gather up my things.

"Laura Jo? Is that you?"

I look up. It is my second-grade Bluebird leader. I nod.

"Why, I haven't seen you since you and my Susan graduated from high school. This your first night?"

I nod again. I remember Susan. I went all through grade school and high school with her. She was kind of fat and slow and wore pink glasses. She never did too well in gym class, but she always sold the most Campfire mints.

". . . Susan is married now," the woman was saying. "Last June. She works days upstairs in carrots." ●

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9
WOR-TV
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Live from Macy's, the Dick and Gore show

New York City—The award for most human writer in a department store goes to Truman Capote, who once leaned over a pile of socks at Alexander's to chirp, "So much cheaper than Bloomingdale's." In that curious encounter, Capote established—for all time, I thought—the radical fact that writers are not only flesh-and-blood characters, but that the best of them are just like us, only more so. Then I caught Dick Cavett and Gore Vidal in the rug department of Macy's.

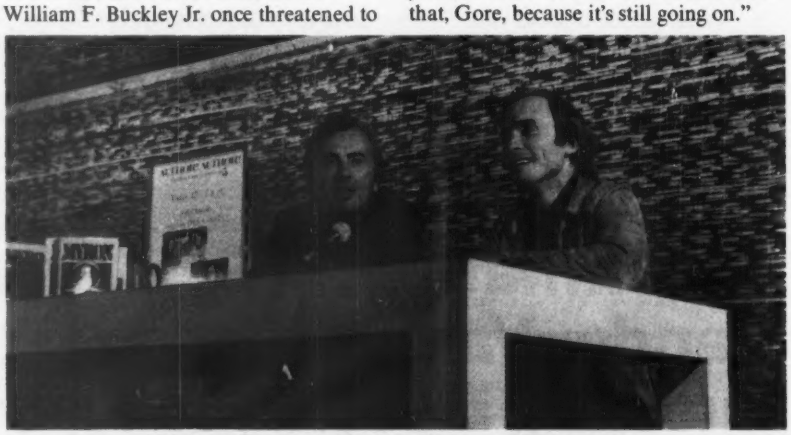
They hadn't come to buy anything. Nor, at first, had the 400 curiosity seekers who packed the area between the shags and the Orientals. Fact of the matter is, unless you're a regular at the Russian Tea Room, you don't get much of a chance to catch Cavett's act these days and nights. And as for Vidal, he finds the best place to observe America is from his Roman villa. By 11:45, it was strictly SRO.

Both men have books out this fall (Vidal published *Myron*, sequel to *Myra Breckenridge*, and Cavett, with Christopher Porterfield, has a question-and-answer text not surprisingly called *Cavett*) and are on what's politely called a promotional tour. The Macy's book department had outdone itself. They had wheeled in two laundry carts, overflowing with hard covers: a volume hit at $8.95 if the store's scenario worked. But Cavett and Vidal were late, "stuck in traffic," secretaries were muttering and looking at watches—it was already 12:20. A Macy's exec defined the mood, waving his hand sourly at the crowd: "*They* know a writer is someone who *sells* books. Why don't Vidal and Cavett know that?"

But when they strolled down the aisle—a tiny Cavett in pigskin shirt jacket and Vidal in double-breasted blazer and flannels—all was forgiven. They poured the show biz on, beaming and joking, pretending to be shy and ducking the applause. And drawing back in mock-horror from those enormous carts of books. Cavett picked a copy of his own off the pile and shined the cover picture on his sleeve. And then it all went downhill.

The audience of TV addicts was primed for a showdown; they knew Vidal well, didn't have to be reminded that William F. Buckley Jr. once threatened to punch him out on the network one angry evening. But could he score against the Yalie, the only intellectual (save Alistair Cooke) left on the tube? It was the poor man's version of Elaine's Restaurant, a chance to look over the shoulders of the famed and witty as they dished the hell out of one another.

It was, instead, a dumb show: TV without commercials. Vidal professed amazement that Cavett had actually written a book. "Isn't 'work' a euphemism for what you do, Dick?" he wondered, suggesting that Porterfield, Cavett's collaborator, was "more legend than man." "I resent the snide implication that I don't write," Cavett countered weakly, winking at the audience, making co-conspirators of file clerks. Asked about his youth, Cavett said, "It's hard to talk about that, Gore, because it's still going on."



Vidal and Cavett: dumb show in the rug department.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH LOCKER

Women who believed Cavett to be boyishly sexy and Vidal otherwise applauded.

At which point a woman darted out from the side, wielding two books surreptitiously handed to her by a Macy's bookman. Planting herself next to the camera that was immortalizing Vidal for *60 Minutes*, she just stood there. The audience hooted, from the sidelines TV people and Macymen gestured to her: to no avail. "Ah," said Vidal innocently, "a woman wants an autograph." He signed *Myron,* pushed *Cavett* over to its author, and the woman weaved toward the cashier happily. The Macy exec smiled big.

Then Cavett remarked how odd it seemed not to have commercials: "I can't talk without breaks, I'll have to sell something." He started to say that television cameras lie. that TV is great for telling lies, and Vidal was just starting to vamp through the idea that the sponsors took it over for just that reason when a Macyperson reminded them it was lunch hour and that many had to return to work. Vidal was saying that TV is a medium based entirely on greed, that anything good was a never-to-be-repeated accident as the camera lights were turned off.

"Move them out," said the manager, pointing to a group of Cavett associates gathered together near the wool twists. People pushed and shoved; you would have thought it was Sinatra in the old days. Fighting through the crowd of happy buyers (more of them clutching *Cavett* than its kinky rival), only a Macy's floorboy was appropriately cynical. "I don't understand the idolatry," he said. "They idolized Dick Nixon, too. What's the difference?"

—By Jesse Kornbluth

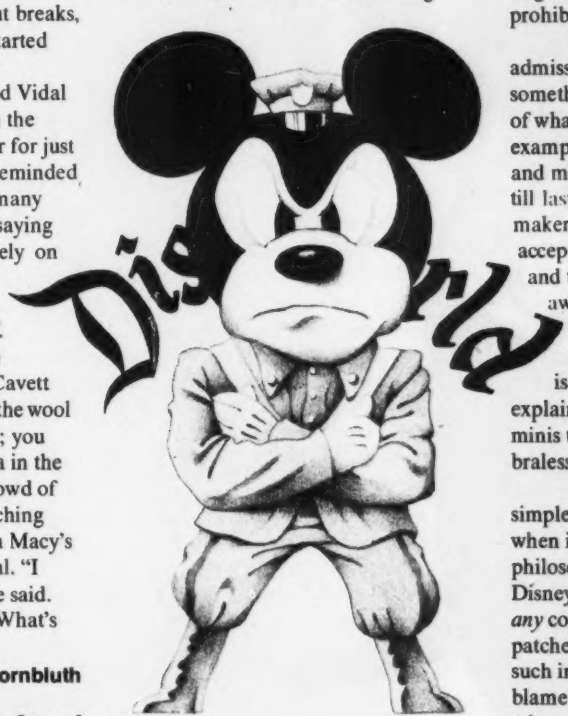
Brave, new Tomorrowland

Anaheim, Calif.—Elise and her friends stopped giggling. The Disneyland gate guard held out his hand as a barrier and in a monotone asked, "Excuse me, miss. Do you have a sweater or a jacket?" Twenty-year-old Elise, already sweating in a halter top, shrugged up at the 95-degree California sun and answered, "What for?" The Disney guard pointed to an empty spot in the admission area and said, "Miss, could you please step out of line over here." Elise and her friends obeyed.

"Miss," began the guard, "Disneyland is just family fun, that's all. Just family fun. And frankly, we can't let you in with a halter top that looks like that," pointing with his eyes at her somewhat floppy front. "Now if you've got a top to throw over it, fine. Otherwise, your friends can go in but you'll have to go home and put on suitable clothing." Offended, Elise came back, "Home! Home is in Boston and our hotel is two hours from here." The guard mumbled a metal apology.

"Hey, wait a minute. She's wearing the same style halter," shouted Elise pointing to her friend. "Why can she get in?" The guard pointed again, this time to the rather flat-chested friend, and answered, "Truthfully now. Look at her halter and look at yours. I'm sure the difference is obvious."

Of the 20 million people who visit Disneyland or Disney World each year, 10,000 get turned away at the gate like Elise. But the rest, the overwhelming majority, don't recall security measures, which is the Magic Kingdom's most amazing trick, because they are subject to some of the most sophisticated security techniques in America—and never know it.



You see, when we talk about *security* for Disneyland or Disney World, we're not using the term in its usual context—protecting people and property. Protection is certainly important to Disney security, but the greater overall aim is to enforce the Disney ethic—the image of American life espoused by Walt Disney and the entrepreneurs who succeeded him. Implicit is the confidence that enforcing the Disney ethic itself will reduce problems to an absolute minimum.

What is the Disney ethic? It's all-American happiness, honesty, friendliness, courtesy and moderation in all things, especially appearance and demeanor. It's "good, clean family fun." If customers don't see it the Disney way—exactly—they are either prevented from entering the premises or hustled out at the first sign.

The invisible but highly effective system begins at the front gate, where a dozen or so security officers screen the approximately 2,000 persons per hour lining up for admission to either Disneyland or Disney World. They are looking for glassy-eyed teens maybe high on drugs, they're smelling for liquor on anyone's breath, and stopping people with large bags or backpacks, which are prohibited.

But the majority of rejected admission seekers are either wearing something wrong or not wearing enough of what the Disney ethic calls for. For example, hot climate or not, halter tops and midriffs were strictly forbidden till last year, when corporate decision-makers realized the trend was well accepted by girls of all backgrounds and too many were being turned away. Hot pants are now reluctantly allowed, but on the proviso that "not too much of the buttocks is hanging out," as one Disney official explains it. The same applies for micro-minis that are a little too micro. And the braless who bounce too much.

The Disney ethic goes far beyond simple "taste judgments," however, when it invades political and philosophical matters. Specifically, Disneyland and Disney World prohibit *any* controversial or political messages on patches, buttons or T-shirts. This includes such incendiary messages as, "Don't blame me, I voted for McGovern"; advocating the legalizing of marijauna or even the Latin word *cannabis*; or "Make Love Not War."

Patrons are asked to remove offensive buttons at the gate. Or, if it's a patch, the officer offers to cut it off (they have plenty of experience).

The last thing Disney officials are willing to swallow is public discussion of the fact that there is in fact a security operation or strict dress code in force. They would prefer you to believe the Magic Kingdom has no need for such unpleasant considerations. When this reporter pressed for even the least consequential of details or corroboration of simple reports about security and dress codes, he was sorely admonished, "What the hell do the people in Milwaukee or St. Louis care about security in Disneyland?"

—By Edwin Black

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH LOCKER

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANN PHILLIPS

Scenes from Liv Ullmann

Yonder peasant, who is she?

By Richard Kramer

"I'm a shrink," says a man who doesn't look like one. "Nuts? You name 'em, I got 'em, just don't ask for specifics. But what I really love"—he points his glass toward the moon—"what I really love is show biz." He sighs. "Like here, tonight. Once I had the honor to meet the late and great Fred Allen. You probably don't know him, he's before your time. It was in Lindy's—that's gone now, too—and he was sitting there with some agent and some dame and a piece of strudel and he sees me staring at him, my mouth down to here—I was in med school at the time. So Fred Allen"—he looks around; perhaps he expects to find Fred Allen in the crowd—"a major star, one of your great men, looks over at me and says, 'C'mere, kid.' 'Me?' I say. 'Me?' Was I dumb. So I go over to the table and he says to introduce myself to this agent, this dame—I forget their names now. I sit down with this guy and I sit for an hour and in all that time he didn't say one word to me. It was the best night of my life." One of his hands is on my shoulder; the other shakes the change in his pocket. "But tonight's not so bad, either," he says. "Look at 'em. Look at the way they only talk to each other. That's Henry Fonda there, Hank Fonda, great star, show-biz dynasty. That lady is his wife, Shirlee—that's l-e-e on the end. Hank and Shirlee Fonda and Peter Finch and Lynn Redgrave and Joan Hackett." He is nearly breathless and so am I. "And over there"—as he holds his glass in the air a waiter passes and fills it with champagne—"that Swedish dame. In the white dress. You know. Liv Ullmann . . ."

We toast her. Warner Brothers is throwing a party for her new film *The Abdication*. There are platters of sturgeon and buckets of caviar; a cocktail pianist plays the theme music over and over.

"It's a stirring theme," says the shrink.

"Let's jump in the pool," a silly girl next to me says. She holds her shoes in her hand. The pool is filled with floating candles; there are many candles in the first scene of *The Abdication*. The silly girl sticks her toe in the water.

"Too cold," she says.

"Joel!" I hear a voice say behind me.

It has happened again. Perhaps it is my Best Supporting Actor smile; maybe my Borscht Belt charm.But whatever it is, a half dozen people will insist I'm Joel Grey before the night is through.

"Joel!" I face a man I have never seen before. "I thought you were in Vegas."

"Vegas is dead," I say.

"You look terrible. Really rotten, not like yourself."

"Excuse me." I grab a drink and turn away. Liv Ullmann is surrounded by photographers. It is impossible to get near her.

"I know you." Once more. This time a lapsed cocktail pianist in a clip-on bow tie.

"You do?"

"It might take me a minute. Give me a hint."

"Caesar's Palace?"

He shakes his head. "That's not it. I've never been to Rome." He puts on his glasses and takes them off. "I've got it now. Am I dumb. Irene."

"Who?"

"*Irene*. Come on. You danced on the piano with Debbie Reynolds."

"I think it was someone else."

"Listen, I should know. I saw it nine times. You were really fabulous."

"Thank you," I say, and give up.

"Oh, it's okay, it gave me a lot of pleasure." He whispers into my ear. "You wouldn't happen to have any poppers, would you?"

"Not on me."

Liv Ullmann stands in a circle of light.

"She's lovely," says the man, as he straightens his bow tie.

"Yes," I agree. "She is."

"Like a goddess," he sighs, as he floats off into the crowd to recognize someone else. "Like Venus."

And she is. If, to borrow a phrase from Harold Brodkey, to see her in sunlight is to see Marxism die, then the reverse holds true as well. I have just spent a week in the dark with Liv Ullmann. Her face is all over town, with its smile that seems to not only expect but *invite* the worst, its eyes those of a child who has just been calmed from a bad, bad dream. A Hans Christian Andersen heroine who has made it through hard times, the little match girl asked inside. It is a face that makes one drunk with metaphor. Silent and terrified as the actress in *Persona*. Floating with Max von Sydow on a sea of dead bodies in *Shame*. Milk-fed and Rubensian in the Munch house of *Cries and Whispers*. The art-house sweetheart, Bergman's queen, frozen by sunlight on a swing in *The Emigrants*. From there to

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANN PHILLIPS

lush color and wider screens. The other Liv Ullmann—compressed into an aerosol can and sprayed onto the cover of *Time*. An American movie star, suddenly, awkwardly, for the first time more than great: now she is fabulous. Fabulous as she waltzes barefoot through a used-car lot Shangri-La in *Lost Horizon*, humming Burt Bacharach as every man's dream. Sad and sorry as Zandy's bride, flustered by the arch Broadway rhythms of *Forty Carats*.

I come out of the dark, rubbing my eyes, maybe in love.

In the hallway at the Pierre a bellhop is reading the Bible.

"Just look at all this shit," says a chambermaid with her hands on her hips.

I find Liv's room. Outside the door of the suite next to hers there is an abandoned room service cart and a pile of folded newspapers, as if the people inside had just stopped caring.

"Just a minute," I hear her call when I knock.

We have been introduced, she has said hello, but this is to be my first time alone with her (she is never really alone; there is always a publicist in attendance, fussing over her like an anxious duenna). I am well prepared. I have seen all the films and spent an afternoon with her folder in the clipping department of the library at Lincoln Center, tracking her past through an archive of ellipses. I have washed my hair and put on a tie, but when she opens the door, turns on that slightly terrified smile, and asks, "Have we met?" I just turn to jelly, and quake and sway. Now I have, in my life, walked six blocks with Lauren Bacall (she didn't know it at the time), seen Cary Grant buy gloves at Saks, and given up a cab in the rain to a woman who may have been Garbo. I have seen Earl Wilson walk sadly by where the Copa used to be.

Still, with all this, as we pass the pious bellhop and beam at each other in the elevator, I have to admit I'm thrown.

The elevator stops and a woman gets on. She is carrying a hatbox and looks quite blue.

"I think you're just wonderful," she says, when she notices Liv. "But those movies are so damn depressing."

"You're very kind," Liv answers.

She is in town to discuss the two new films she has opening at the same time. In *The Abdication* she plays Queen Christina to Peter Finch's Cardinal Azzolino. She is one of a very few people in the film's great many rooms (the press kit stresses the size of the sets), and the only one worth watching. It is 10:00 a.m., her first interview of the morning, and she will have five more before the day is through. No one wants to talk about Christina. That quiet disaster is more than offset by the other new film, Bergman's *Scenes From a Marriage*. Bergman is sharing his triumph with Liv: in this morning's New York *Times* Vincent Canby has just called her "one of the most fascinating actresses of our time."

She holds the Canby clipping in her left hand and a pile of others in her right.

"Well," she says, "of course it makes me happy, but it is not new. I am lucky to come here, to this country, and already know what fame is. I have my days when I wake up and say, 'My God! I'm quite famous!' but you get used to that and just do your work. That is all there is, I think. I had been an actress for many years before I was known here, in many plays and films. But you all have this very American way of seeing things: that until you are on the cover of *Time* you really don't exist at all. You are just a ghost, a poor ghost without any skin or blood." She folds the clippings and puts them in her purse. "It all makes you so very, very happy for ten lovely minutes, and in one week I'll be the only one to remember it."

She is tired of movies for now. One film job has, in the past few years, overlapped another: the night she finished *Lost Horizon* she was on a plane to begin *Scenes From a Marriage*. She looks forward to playing *A Doll's House* at Lincoln Center this winter: "Just for the pleasure of the work, to be in an ensemble, to have coffee and discuss the play and very, very slowly go toward the goal. Sometimes inside the theater you can feel the sun come up inside you in a way you never can on film. That is the work I love. That is the work I was born for."

As she speaks, smiling all the time, her words seem the product of a stiff translation. She will gladly discuss her enthusiasms: her love of Chekhov, for example, or the new film Bergman is writing for her (all she has been told is that it is about a woman). She lights up on the subjects of Proust, Fred Zinnemann and the chicken things at Trader Vic's. But when anything personal is touched her face resumes its look of fear, and she lapses into cliche. Bare bones are enough: Ex-wife of a psychiatrist. Five years with Bergman on an island in the Baltic Sea. A child and an appearance on television to defend herself. A tourist attraction on the island, pointed out to sightseers in tour groups. When asked to expand on any or all of these points, she shakes her head and turns away. She has done it too often; there is really no point. "It is just too personal," she says, and that is all. This may be the last publicity tour she will ever make.

"For fourteen days I am a thing and I will talk to anyone. Then I can go home. But I think this is the last time for me. Oh, yes, I love to meet new people, to talk about my work. This is a pleasure for me. But still, somewhere I feel: can this all be right? You become queen in your own thoughts—Queen Christina, Queen Liv, it doesn't matter—and that is not real. At the end of a day I feel very tired and very strange. A day of self and I look into my mirror at night and sometimes, well, sometimes there is nothing left for me to see. I have disappeared. I am not there. My face is no face but a cover of a magazine. And then I am a little ashamed and I ask why. Everything is lovely, lovely. There are chauffeurs and roses. You sit here with me—it is your work to talk to me and it is my work to talk to you. We should both be happy. But sometimes there is a small voice that says: Liv? What are you doing?"

Through the caverns of Rockefeller Center, past the Papal portraits of Jim Hartz and Dr. Frank Field, up three floors in the elevator and into the studio at NBC, everyone is waiting for Artie Shaw.

"Artie Shaw," sighs one of the ladies in line for this morning's taping of the Barbara Walters program *Not For Women Only*. "I fell in love with Artie Shaw, was it thirty years ago? I didn't know he was still alive."

"Oh, he's alive," says a girl with a clipboard, "but he's not here and we're on the goddamn air in ten minutes."

"I'm sure he has an excuse," answers the lady.

Barbara Walters appears and a gasp ripples through the line. Liv is with her, smiling sweetly at everyone in sight, but all eyes are fixed on Walters.

"Is he here?" Walters asks the clipboard girl.

"Nope. No sign."

"Swell," says Barbara, as she disappears.

Artie Shaw, seven times a husband, is to guest with Liv on today's show. The subject for the week is divorce.

"You might as well all go in," announces the clipboard girl.

Inside the studio, with its blue sky cyclorama and hot, hot lights, one might expect a garden party, a croquet match, tea sandwiches on silver trays for a roomful of ladies in figured floral dresses. Some

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Richard Kramer is a free-lance writer living in New York. He does not look like Joel Grey.

wear large, enthusiastic hats which they hold in their laps. All suffer from the heat. They sit in groups at round blue tables and fill their purses with NBC pencils and ashtrays.

I find a seat, too, the enemy for now, the one man in the room.

"She's blocking me." The woman on my right points to a tall woman in front of us who is in her way. "That woman is blocking me. Please move your head."

The tall woman does not move. The lights are very hot.

"It's not my fault if I'm small," says the woman who can't see. "I won't feel guilty about smallness."

"Take my seat," a kind woman says then. The kind woman is of middle height.

"I have new glasses," she says, taking them from her purse. "Lately I feel so old. The other day I woke up and I could have sworn I was blind."

For a moment the lights die and we are all lost in the dark. When they rise once more Barbara Walters sits on the stage while a makeup man brushes her hair. The clipboard girl urges us to ask questions and not to smoke. Walters stares off into the blue drop, avoiding the eyes of those in the audience who are thinking: She looks older. She looks younger. Is that the color of her hair?

A red light flashes. She smiles for the first time, a few bars of the show's theme music are piped into the studio, and Liv Ullmann is led out to her seat on the stage. She makes an actress' entrance, pausing for a moment to consider Walters, brushing back her hair, taking her seat as she makes everyone in the audience feel her astonishing blue eyes are fixed on them alone. She may have something to hide.

The camera gets ready, the talk dies down. Before the signal comes that the show is on the air Ullmann and Walters do not speak or look at each other. Walters sorts her papers; Liv focuses those eyes on what? Perhaps some endless Scandinavian night.

"No Artie Shaw?"

The show begins.

The two women talk of marriage, love, divorce. When Liv mentions the words "living together," an audible shudder runs through the audience.

"You're very candid," Walters tells her.

"Thank you," says Liv. Her English is that of an erotic fairy tale—when she struggles for a word it often turns out to be "love" or "dream."

"I'm talking with Liv Ullmann," Walters tells the camera. "And this is *Not For Women Only*."

"She's lovely," whispers the lady with new glasses when it's all over. Then the ladies put their hats on.

With a fan at *The Abdication* party: "For 14 days I am a thing. . . ."

This afternoon, beneath the Henry Moore sculptures and the reflecting pool, Liv Ullmann has come to help Joe Papp dispell the ghost of failure that has haunted Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater since its opening in 1965. Perhaps in February, when she gets on the stage and plays Nora to Sam Waterston's Torvald in *A Doll's House*, the cloud will lift. She has come to the Beaumont today to pose for a publicity shot for the Papp season; she is to sit in the audience with the season's other stars—Estelle Parsons, Marsha Mason, Michael Moriarty and others—and provide an enticing smile for the photographer who is perched on a ladder above them all. He is urging them to punch up their smiles as everyone waits for Joseph Papp.

"Where is he? I've got another sitting across town at three," says the photographer.

Liv gets up from her seat and stands shyly on the stage, her arms held behind her, as if she were waiting for someone to ask her to dance. Someone in the light booth throws a spot on her, and for a moment she closes her eyes and smiles. She is clearly at home on a stage. The theater is quiet then. Moriarty, eating an apple and holding a crown, joins her in the circle of light which follows them as they move across the stage.

"Now is the winter of our discontent," he whispers. Downstairs, in the Forum theater, he is rehearsing *Richard III*.

"Made glorious summer by this sun of York," says Liv as she opens her eyes. The spot goes off. They stand on a scuffed stage covered with tape.

"Bravo!" says Estelle Parsons.

"Have you ever really listened to those words before?" Moriarty asks Liv.

"They're very beautiful." She settles into a red plush seat. "One o'clock. I'm hungry. I think I want Chinese."

Someone suggests Pearl's.

"Too far," says Liv. "No time. Maybe Trader's Vic."

"That's Trader *Vic's*, Miss Ullmann," a press woman says politely.

"Trader *Vic's*. Trader *Vic's*. I love those little chicken things they have there."

"We won't have time. You've got *WWD* at two and *Harper's Bazaar* is coming. . . ."

"Can't they hurry?" Liv asks, with a total lack of petulance.

Papp bursts in, apologizes, and takes his place in the lineup. Everyone freezes, smiles, freezes again.

"Look casual," the photographer says. "Casual, Miss Ullmann."

"Casual."

A rude sound comes from one of the famous people.

"Some bunch," groans Marsha Mason.

"Smile."

"Christ, I'm happy," says Joseph Papp.

"I love it here," says Liv. ●

MOVIES

The resistible rise of Lenny Bruce

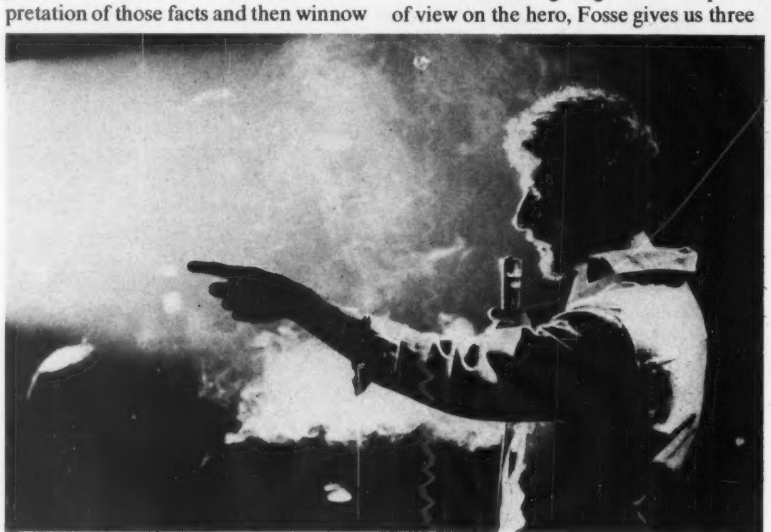
By Frank Rich

The rapid ascension of Lenny Bruce to the status of fashionable folk hero over the years since his death in 1966 was probably inevitable—so great is our desire to forge reassuring myths out of anything that's handy—but, as the saying goes, enough already! Lenny the spritzer, Lenny the bullshitter, Lenny the jazzy Jew who dared go all the way, is now seen almost exclusively in terms of the obscenity battles that closed out his life—he's been boiled down to Lenny the rebel with a cause. This man who confounded liberals in life has become a liberal icon in death, and what could be more boring? After all, Lenny's battles have been won—even if he didn't live to see the victories—and for us to dwell on how he made America safe for certain four- and 10-letter expletives is both to diminish the man and, worse, to indulge in moral masturbation (whereas Lenny, no doubt, would have had us indulge in the real thing). It's so easy to grieve for Lenny Bruce in 1974—as respectable as practicing an organized religion—and so self-serving, too. Lenny-worship is just a hip form of nostalgia, a highly insidious route to decadence: by endlessly bemoaning the fact that Lenny had to suffer for being "ahead of his time," we can all too conveniently avoid a confrontation with our own.

This is not to say that this "sick comic" cannot be the subject of legitimate evaluative art—he's a fascinating character and his influence on American entertainment is so pervasive that one can see it by turning on almost any TV sit-com—but it is to say that those who serve up Lenny's life for popular consumption must do so for reasons other than inciting an audience to congratulate itself on its latent support of the comedian's First Amendment rights. This is the test that Bob Fosse's new film biography, **Lenny**, fails to meet, and that is why this movie, in spite of several considerable virtues (most notably Dustin Hoffman's performance in the starring role), ultimately comes off as slick show-biz pulp. As far as I could discern, Fosse's sole motive in making the film was to perpetrate the same old legend we know and love (and to spread it before a larger public), and since even the political points to be scored off of Lenny's life are now so familiar as to be dry, *Lenny* is a curiously passionless affair. The film is heavy on hand-wringing and pizazz at the expense of such non-surface values as intellect and emotion.

Biography, whether in the form of literature or theater or film, is a very tricky business. It isn't enough for a biographer to set down the facts of his subject's life; he must arrive at an interpretation of those facts and then winnow down the mass of data until he has a manageable, dramatic story that can communicate his vision of the protagonist. Fosse and his screenwriter, Julian Barry (whose stage play *Lenny*, starring Cliff Gorman and directed by Tom O'Horgan, played Broadway a while back), have left out a lot of details in their treatment of Lenny and have compressed or transposed others, and that's fine; but because there seems to be no rhyme or reason to the selection they've arrived at—other than to remind us how their hero paid dearly for offending the bluenoses—*Lenny* lacks vitality. The movie relates to the man as a *Reader's Digest* condensation might relate to a book. Perhaps to disguise this failure of focus, Fosse has decked out the picture with a fake vitality—the film is full of "style" in the form of flashy editing and atmosphere. But style that is superimposed on content rather than growing naturally out of that content is often meaningless. While Fosse got away with the exact same trick in his last Broadway musical, *Pippin*, where he papered over a dreadful and trivial script with resourceful staging and choreography, here he can't. We can't turn off the sound and watch the visual razzle-dazzle of *Lenny* because we're hungry to learn and care about the title character.

Instead of giving us his own point of view on the hero, Fosse gives us three other people's points of view (which are so colorless individually and collectively as to amount to no point of view at all), and, in this way, the director has found his fractured structure for the picture. *Lenny* is built around the reminiscences of the hero's stripper-wife Honey (Valerie Perrine), his mother Sally Marr (Jan Miner) and a crass fictional Every-agent (Stanley Beck), all of whom are shown to be answering questions in response to an unseen interrogator with a tape recorder. (Is the interviewer a shrink? an archivist? Studs Terkel? Maybe he's Lawrence Schiller, the journalistic handyman who supplied his taped research on Bruce to both the producer of this film, old-time Lenny-



Dustin Hoffman in Fosse's *Lenny*: when hero and star are allowed to connect, it's dynamite.

associate Marvin Worth, and to writer Albert Goldman, the author of the extraordinarily vivid, no-crap *Ladies and Gentlemen Lenny Bruce!!*, published earlier this year.) Fosse's guiding gimmick evokes Orson Welles' storytelling technique in *Citizen Kane*—only Welles subjugated the views of old Kane associates to his own about the character and further integrated the multiple-interview device into his film by using it to satirize Kane's milieu (journalism) and to build up the mystery surrounding his Herman Melville-like whopper about "Rosebud." In *Lenny* the taped interviews serve no greater function than to push along the story (Sally: ". . . And then Lenny stopped doing imitations and improvised . . .")—they form a glossy, hyped-up voice-over narration. Although there are instances where Lenny's survivors do make interpretive observations (Honey, for instance, tells us that her husband screwed around out of "insecurity . . . the need to prove himself"), these insights rarely offer more than humdrum pop psychology.

Fosse's "This Is Your Life" (or, if you will, "This Was Your Life") approach also allows him to cut back and forth between different time frames—from the present-day interviews to the actual events described to the chronologically neutral ground of Lenny's comedy routines. It's a lot of frenzied filmmaking calisthenics signifying precious little: this intricate aesthetic choreography is set to music that neither Barry nor Fosse ever got around to composing. By organizing the material in this way, Fosse does get to show us explicit connections between the nitty-gritty of Lenny's life and his onstage patter (Honey's lesbian proclivities are intercut with Lenny's "I never met a dyke I didn't like"-shtick, the Bruces' first sexual encounter with a routine on "doing it," Lenny's harassment by the law with flash-forwards of him reading trial transcripts to dwindling congregations of fans), but after one or two such parallels are drawn, we get the point. A similar interplay between the Kit Kat Klub numbers and the dramatic action of this director's *Cabaret* worked because M.C. Joel Grey's ambisexuality was a metaphor for the chaos of a society; what resonated in that musical is flat in *Lenny*, for the juxtaposition of the character's life and art gives us narrow, linear correlations that are so literal as to be academic. Besides, the process downgrades Lenny's talent by suggesting, incorrectly, that his personal experience, with little or no creative transmogrification, could be spilled directly on an audience for socko response. In their desire to select routines that neatly reflect the comic's private story or, alternately, those routines which best establish how "shocking" and topical the jokes were by the establishment standards of the time, Fosse and Barry force themselves to bypass much of the funniest stuff in Lenny's repertoire; they turn him into a foul-mouthed Mort Sahl. Even the good bits are so fractionalized by excerptation and by Fosse's convoluted cutting that audiences not familiar with Lenny may wonder what all the fuss was about. The effect is often like hearing punch lines minus the jokes they're supposed to punch.

Where the nightclub routines really deliver is in Fosse's continued knack for displaying the seedy glaze of nocturnal show business. The film's high-contrast black-and-white cinematography (by Bruce Surtees) invests the clubs—especially the low-life strip joints where Lenny and Honey got their first breaks—with the tone of a '50s B-movie about the criminal underworld; there's lots of stale smoke and harsh artificial light. I could have lived without the countless shots of audience reactions (titillated college kids lapping up Lenny's brickbats, bored sophisticates rolling their eyes upward when Lenny takes to reciting legalese) and without an early, *Sweet Charity*-like montage (cut to bump-and-grind music) of Honey peeling, cash registers ringing and customers salivating—but one would be hard pressed to argue that this director is not the master of this netherworld of alcohol, insomnia and vaudeville. It's an airless hell, where stage makeup has the opacity of a death mask, and I don't think it's been captured so well on film since Tony Richardson viewed the dying British music hall in his 1960 film version of John Osborne's *The Entertainer*.

Throughout *Lenny* one hungers for the nightclub sequences, for they have the spunk that is absent in the backstage goings-on. Barry's idea of telling The Lenny Bruce Story is to give us a smorgasbord of scenes meant to touch on each significant subhead of the hero's history (one kinky sex scene, one stoned party scene, one Lenny-meets-the-straight-press scene, one Lenny-makes-big-money scene, etc., etc.); he therefore develops nothing. Some of the individual moments are effective—and strikingly shot by Fosse—but where are they taking us? We never understand Lenny's affection for Honey or Sally (or vice versa), and, bizarre as it may sound, we learn nothing about the causes and quality of Lenny's life as a drug addict (we see only the effects). Nor have Fosse or Barry found a way to deal with the Jewish cast of Lenny's humor. The guilt, self-hatred, bitternesses and sense of the absurd that Lenny-contemporaries like Buddy Hackett, Sid Caesar and Milton Berle (among countless others) managed to repress or tone down in order to make themselves palatable to a wider public all surfaced in Lenny's act. Bruce's genius, to a large extent, came from his ability to expose the neurotic subtext of Americanized Jewish humor and then wed that sickness to a jazzman-junkie's idiom. Despite a sprinkling of Yiddishisms, a funny scene in which Lenny brings Honey home to mom, and a brief, brilliant cameo by Gary Morton as an overtanned Catskills-comic-made-good, the movie is as gentile in its perspective as the facts permit. Lenny is cut away from both environments—the hip underground and New York-Jewish show biz—that formed his sensibility. When the movie tells us that Lenny has become "super-Jew" or "the rabbi," it doesn't bother to fill us in on what the epithets mean.

Given this context, you can see what Dustin Hoffman is up against. He's required to compete with our memory of a real-life celebrity who's been dead only eight years even as he must flesh out a character shortchanged by the script. But Hoffman does so well that it's worth seeing the film just to watch him work; although this actor's talent may never have the cultural impact of Lenny's, it's just as broadly based and, I feel, even more stimulating. And when Fosse allows his star and Lenny to connect, it's dynamite. For that reason the film's most powerful scene is easily the one where Fosse lets Hoffman-as-Lenny have the screen to himself for almost seven uninterrupted minutes—a long take unbroken by cuts to tape reels and the like. The sequence takes place near the end, after Lenny's cackling banter has become sodden, after his bright eyes have been lidded by drugs. Wearing a raincoat and a single sock, his spiel wandering from cryptic tirades to lengthy silences, the failing comic stumbles through his own spiritual void to the stunned response of a capacity house. The intimacy Hoffman creates as he works through the monologue grabs us and forces us to suspend disbelief; we forget that we're watching a movie and share that sinking sensation that comes from watching a live performer flop out.

Fosse has been equally fortunate with his female lead. It is no secret that

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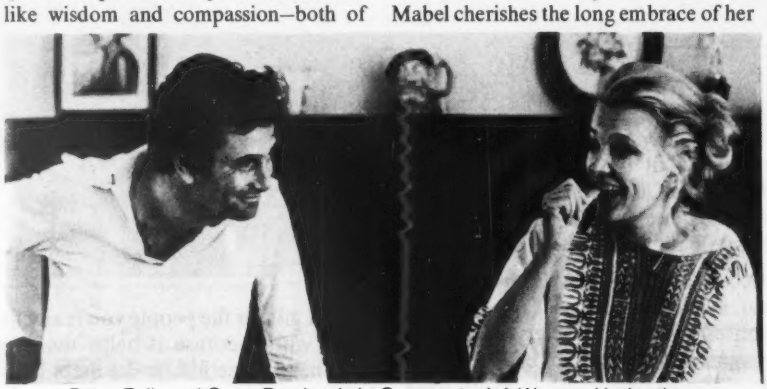
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

Merry Christmas and a Happy NEW TIMES

Valerie Perrine is an actress of unlimited potential, and, as Lenny's "shiksa goddess," she fills out the characterization of the small-time sex object she began to develop in last year's *The Last American Hero*. The director has found this performer's vulnerable center and plumbed it to the surface; while the movie never makes much more of Honey than presenting her as a drug-crazed harlot with a heart of gold, Perrine bursts through the conventions of the role by showing us a streak of seemingly indestructible innocence. If we never understand her relationship with Lenny—or with Sally (who's some kind of show-biz Jewish mother, but one must read Goldman to find out what kind)—Perrine is not to blame. One need only listen to the lines to see how the filmmakers betray her. Asked at the film's close whether she finds it ironic that the escapades for which Lenny was crucified are now commonplace in American entertainment, Honey must reply: "I wouldn't know about that. He was just so damn funny!" A great curtain line, absolutely—one that reinforces the irony of Lenny's martyrdom without adding any complicating thoughts—but are we really to believe that Lenny's wife has no views on this subject? Maybe the explanation for why she doesn't "know about that" is that Barry and Fosse haven't cared enough to think about what she might know about that. If filmmakers can't decide what they think about their characters or what their characters think about themselves, what are we supposed to think? Well, whatever we want, I assume. So we're left with the smooth, easy-to-swallow symbol, Lenny the freedom fighter, instead of Lenny the rough-edged man, and if that's entertaining, it's because it's at a safe remove from the truth.

Explosions are going off inside Mabel Longhetti's head and we can see them, we can hear them. It is not a pretty sight, but watch we do, compulsively. Big and gawky and blond and batty, Mabel (Gena Rolands) looks like a wild goose trapped in a man-made cage. Her eyes flicker intensely, then drift out of focus, go dead. Her broad brow creases in pain and bewilderment, her sentences dangle in midair. With spastic hand gestures she conducts private symphonies in the fetid quiet of her L.A. bungalow home. Noises that sound like coffee percolating erupt from her throat. She cracks jokes. During the day she may stroll into her backyard and break suddenly into the death ballet of *Swan Lake*. At night, when the kids go off to visit her parents and husband Nick (Peter Falk) works the late shift, she will glide into the languid dark of a faceless bar and pick up a man, only to wake, when morning comes, with a scream.

As the title of John Cassavetes' new film says, Mabel Longhetti, housewife and mother of three, is **A Woman Under the Influence**—a woman under the influence of a society that can rob a woman of her identity and force her to live her life through a husband and children instead. In the course of two and a half hours, Cassavetes takes the toll of the damage such influence can inflict: the movie is the story of Mabel's nervous breakdown, her subsequent "cure" under the auspices of a mental institution, and her return home to build some kind of endurable existence out of the wreckage of her past. But no simple outline of this work quite does it justice; attributes like wisdom and compassion—both of which *Woman* has in abundance—can and do overcome the bare bones of this domestic drama, turning the whole into something far greater than the sum of its parts. In Cassavetes' hands, Mabel's long day's journey into madness has the kind of power that can rip your guts out.



Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands in Cassavetes' *A Woman Under the Influence*: a tribal game defying articulation.

Although this is not a movie without faults (Cassavetes is still not as selective as he might be in the presentation of his material), it is one that refuses to trade in the clinical or ideological cliches its subject so relentlessly invites. While the Longhettis are a working-class couple, husband Nick, a city-employed manual laborer, is no Ralph Cramden/Archie Bunker-like pig, at least by intent or by manner. Nick doesn't even think in those terms; he loves Mabel devotedly, wants her to be "herself," and takes her tragedy as a personal, devastating heartbreak. If he knew that the role he and other men had played in Mabel's life were in some part responsible for her illness, he would no doubt do his best to change his ways. ("I'd lay down on the railroad tracks for you," he tells her on one cathartic occasion. "If I made a mistake, I'm sorry.") But neither he nor Mabel has that broader, objective view which might help them diagnose their predicament; they are locked into a tribal game whose rules defy articulation, having been imprinted on their consciousness from birth.

In keeping with the Longhettis' environment—one in which actions, however small, always have far more meaning than words—Cassavetes has made a film that has relatively little dialogue, no verbal Freudian explanations, and no heart-to-heart confessions. The movie operates almost at the level of ritual—whether the director is showing us the dull routine of Nick and pals at work or the panic of the large Longhetti family at those times when Mabel's mind starts to run away from her. When Mabel cherishes the long embrace of her father, or when Nick brings home a dozen fellow workers for one of his wife's spaghetti lunches, Cassavetes tells the audience everything that the protagonists can't. And, by meeting these people on their own ground rather than transforming them into literary or media types, he avoids that aura of condescension and exploitation which so often blights presumably well-meaning American films about this country's lower-middle class.

A side effect of Cassavetes' modus operandi, of course, is that his film makes excruciating demands on its stars. The actors must carry much of the weight that is normally borne by a screenplay's lines with their vocal intonations, facial expressions and body movements—and yet they also must restrain themselves from playing so big that they might end up looking like stage actors seen up too close. Falk and Rowlands respond to this challenge by providing beautifully modulated characterizations of bottomless depth—consist-

ently the best acting to be seen in an American film this year. In the less flamboyant part, Falk walks with the lumbering, uneasy swagger of a whipped animal; one is constantly aware of the tension that comes from the conflict between his love for Mabel and his inability to save her from her demons. His affection is feverish, his sense of impotency (which now and then surfaces as rage) profound. Rowlands, as she comes unglued, steadily builds her portrayal of Mabel until, during her climactic breakdown scene, she achieves a pitch so tumultuous one feels a bit indecent to be watching her. Home from the hospital six months later—her unruly hair held back by a schoolgirl's barrette, her body confined by the figurative straitjacket of a matronly clothing ensemble—Rowland's Mabel is so pallid and remote that this magnificent actress makes us feel the character's aged 10 years before our eyes. *A Woman Under the Influence* is tough going, to be sure, but I don't see how anyone could fail to respond to its documentation of the victory of a society's circumstances over the best intentions of human hearts.

Those unfortunates who handed over hard cash to see *Airport 1975* may soon wish they had held on tight for a month and waited for the arrival of Universal Studios' companion disaster epic, **Earthquake**, a far superior product in which the entire city of Los Angeles is destroyed by earth tremors, raging floods and holocaustal fires. While this new film contains two of the stars of the other picture (George Kennedy and Charlton Heston, the latter again cast as a savior), it also has a slightly more au courant screenplay (credited to George Fox and Mario Puzo) and an infinitely more gassy array of thrills and chills. Adding to the fun is a soundtrack effect dubbed "Sensurround" (a word I don't expect to enter the vocabulary any time too soon)—a perfectly harmless device which, when activated during key sequences, makes you feel that someone is working with a pneumatic drill on the street just outside the theater. A disclaimer which precedes the film points out that "the management assumes no responsibility for the physical or emotional reactions of the individual viewer"; presumably those collective viewers in the audience retain their right to sue.

Earthquake (which has been directed by Mark Robson) does have its inane aspects, needless to say. When a couple commits adultery, the main event occurs offscreen and is, we later learn, still punishable by death in the best Hays Code tradition. A running gag involving Walter Matthau is run into the shaky ground, and the film's casting director somehow convinced himself that if a robust Lorne Greene were assigned the part of Ava Gardner's father, we'd be fooled into believing that Gardner has yet to see 40, or, for that matter, 50. The rest of the cast is okay, with the exception of Marjoe Gortner as a pervert who talks like a ventriloquist's dummy; the transcendently lovely Genevieve Bujold manages to squeeze out a performance that is both unmechanical and erotic, something of a coup under the circumstances. But rest easy that the real kicks in this film come from watching the collapse of the Capitol Records tower, the sudden drop of a skyscraper's elevator, and the self-destructing debris of Universal's back lot. Who knows what Nathanael West would have made of this Burning of Los Angeles, not to mention "Sensurround," but I suppose he would have laughed his head off. Leave it to Hollywood to make a zillion dollars by conjuring up its own demise.

For far too great a percentage of its running time, **Murder on the Orient Express** has about as much of a lease on life as the victim of the crime named in its title. But let it be said—at least in passing—that rarely, if ever, has Sidney Lumet (most recently represented by *Serpico* and *Lovin' Molly*) made a film that looks quite so neat and tidy as this one. Probably the most lovable slob among American directors, Lumet is not one to strain himself in getting things right, and I just don't know what the hell got into him on this occasion. With a valuable Agatha Christie property and 14 above-the-title stars riding on the outcome, did someone chain him to the set and force him to do retakes? Or is it simply impossible to be too messy when one is making a movie largely confined to an interior set and so full of chatter that the screenplay could probably be executed on radio for equal (if not more chilling) results?

I guess we'll never know the answers to such questions, which are, I assure you, somewhat more provocative than any of the mysteries raised by *Murder on the Orient Express* itself. This is a movie with serious problems, for Christie's story (as retold in Paul Dehn's script) asks that we care about a murder victim who is himself a murderer, asks that we sit through the repetitive series of cross-examinations by which great Belgian detective Hercule Poirot (Albert Finney) seeks to solve the crime, then gives us a climax that manages to deflate all the inter-passenger intrigue that has gone before.

The movie does have a cast that makes those of our current disaster movies look like deadbeats, and while some of the players do fade quickly into the woodwork (especially Martin Balsam, Jacqueline Bisset, Sean Connery, Vanessa Redgrave and Michael York), a number of genuine luminaries get to strut their stuff: Lauren Bacall in an unflattering portrayal of a loud-mouthed American bitch, Wendy Hiller as an ancient princess shrouded in black lace, Rachel Roberts as a butch lady's maid, Jean-Pierre Cassel as a weepy conductor, John Gielgud as (you betcha!) a stuffy butler, and a serene Richard Widmark as a tycoon who may or may not be in the baby food business. Hands down the best job is done by Anthony Perkins as a pasty-faced, "emotionally [but not psychotically] retarded" secretary named McQueen. As for Finney's rendition of Poirot, it's hard to say. With his swallowed croak of a voice, patent-leather hair, stooped posture and elevated eyebrows, he's well nigh unrecognizable—for all I could tell, the detective may in fact be played by Dame May Whitty in drag.

As it turns out, *Murder*'s best sequence occurs before we meet any of these people. Lumet has devised a dazzling prologue to the film's main events, a fuzzy reenactment of a Lindbergh-like kidnapping in which mist-obscured criminal shenanigans on a sumptuous Long Island estate blur into 1930's-style tabloid headlines. Once we get on the Orient Express, the pace quickly dwindles to a crawl: the murder is committed as the train is halted by a snowdrift, and both train and film remain stranded until the final credits. Still, you can while away some of this time by studying the movie's sets, which unfailingly look like a million bucks. Designer Tony Walton has polished the Istanbul-to-Calais locomotive to a silvery art-deco sheen; the movie is full of fabulous detail work of a quality one does not expect to find in Lumet pictures (which are usually packed with visual inaccuracies and rarely owe any particular allegiance to the locales in which they are theoretically set). While you are likely to feel pissed off when you leave *Murder on the Orient Express*, there's some compensation to be had from the fact that you've been pissed off in style.

BOOKS

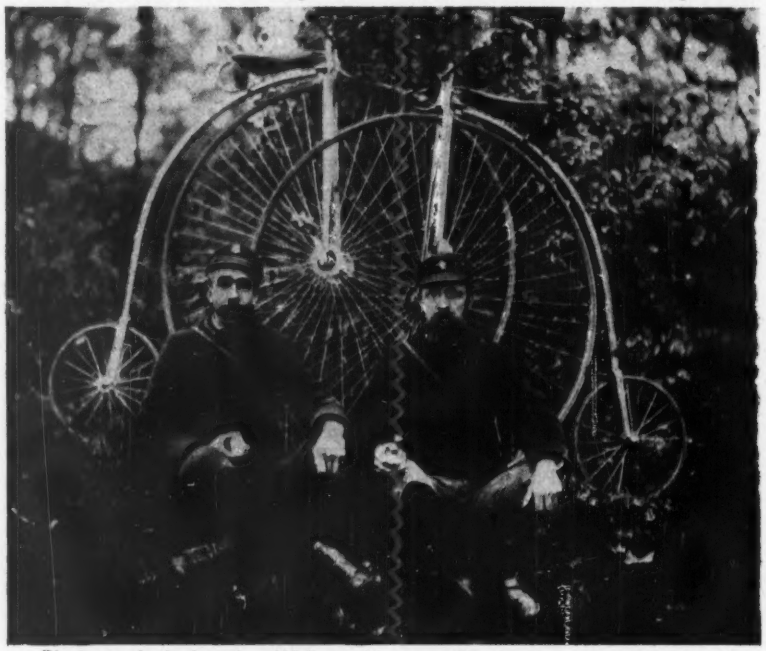
High Dollar Goods

By Geoffrey Wolff

The "Gift Book Round-up" is a reviewer's institution. Beginning in September, book critics receive from almost every American publisher five or six heavy, thick picture books designed to be bought as Christmas presents. About half are cheap-jack items; the other half are expensively produced, well-bound and lavishly illustrated. A few are bona fide books. All are beyond the means of book critics, who accept them with an unstated understanding that they will not be . . . neglected. Gift books are to book critics what press junkets are to reporters. They are given in the hope that the gift will be repaid in gratitude, or at least in civility. So they prick the reviewer's conscience. He reviews them, but he maligns them. Which is why every gift book round-up I have ever read, or written, has begun with some labored crack about the heaviest book of the year, weighed on the bathroom scale, or the book with legs, upon which coffee cups may be placed. Let's forgo such nonsense this year. I'm happy to own the following new books; all of them are, of course, illustrated. Pictures are their purpose.

The Book of Kells. Knopf (226 pp., $55.00; after January, $65.00). An illuminated version of the gospel created at the monastic scriptorium of Iona, off the coast of Scotland, *The Book of Kells* has been called "the most beautiful book in the world." It dates from around 800, but since the 17th century has been in Dublin, at Trinity College. This edition reproduces with incredible exactitude 93 pages and 6 half-pages of the intricate and subtle designs that enhance the Latin text. The book is as handsomely printed (in Switzerland) and as luxuriously bound as any I have seen sold in this country during the past decade. If I hadn't been given the book, I would have tried to borrow enough, using as collateral my earnings for the next couple of years, to buy it. Knopf is the best house in the business for damn-the-cost artifacts of this kind, and this is one of their best yet.

The Unknown Leonardo, *edited by Ladislao Reti.* McGraw-Hill (319 pp., $34.95). This book enjoys an uncommonly intelligent fusion between pictures and the text of 10 Vincian scholars, who treat Leonardo's paintings and writings and sculpture and inventions, his instruments of war and instruments of music. It makes full use of *The Madrid Codices,* Leonardo's most important notebooks, which lay unrecognized in Madrid's National Library from his death until 1965. These force crucial revisions in any assessment of Leonardo—all upward—and for those who cannot pony up $400 to pay for the five-volume edition of the notebooks (also published by McGraw-Hill), this is the book of choice. It's handsome, literate and exceedingly well-organized.



Photography in America/Whitney Museum. Charles H. Currier/The Bicycle Messengers Seated. ca.1900. *Courtesy of The Library of Congress.*

In Italy, *designed and photographed by Roloff Beny, with text and anthology by Anthony Thwaite and Peter Porter, and an epilogue by Gore Vidal.* Harper & Row (428 pp., $40). Italy must be the most photographed-over territory on the planet, but Roloff Beny's pictures manage to take the breath away. Indeed, this book's fundamental strategy is to astonish and overwhelm. A confection of photographs and paintings, historical and geographic commentaries, and selections from the Great Books, *In Italy* is in love with what bad poets call *the timeless.* Objects found in nature, ancient churches and monuments, and works of art are its visual subjects. People appear only as abstract designs, usually backlit, as in a David Lean postcard shot from *Doctor Zhivago.* The book is organized in accordance with Italy's geographic divisions. Its paper and binding are top of the line, as is its design.

The Monastic World, *by Christopher Brooke, with photographs by Wim Swann.* Random House (272 pp., $35). This must be as much as anyone not cloister-bound wants to know about the monasteries of Western Europe. There is an elegant narrative account of the monk's daily round, the various monastic orders are distinguished and characterized, monasteries are nicely photographed (without monks, for some odd reason, as though the photographer's subject were mineral rather than animal), and the more important ones, like

Mont St. Michel, get the full, *Guide-Bleu* floor-plan treatment.

A Connoisseur's Guide to Chinese Ceramics, *by Cécile and Michel Beurdeley, translated by Katherine Watson.* Harper & Row (317 pp., $60). This is not a book directed at the masses. I have an ambivalent attitude toward it: it's wonderful that a publisher has the curiosity and imagination to go full-tilt into a $60 book destined for a small audience; I would rather have the $60 spent on nine novels. It's no doubt silly to connect the enterprise of selling a novel with the enterprise of selling a lavishly illustrated definitive reference work for collectors. There are maps and drawings and black and white photographs, and 111 color plates have been tipped in. *What* recession?

Photography in America/Whitney Museum. Paul Strand/Horses and Storm, 1930. *Courtesy of The International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House.*

Photography in America, *edited by Robert Doty, with an introduction by Minor White.* A Ridge Press Book. Random House (255 pp., $25). An exhibit of the same name will open at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York on November 21, and its photographs seen together should have an impact similar to those in the Museum of Modern Art's *Family of Man* exhibition. The 249 pictures cover a period from before the Civil War till the 1970s. Most of the country's masters are represented: Charles Currier, Ansel Adams, Man Ray, Edward Weston and Diane Arbus. The attempt to portray American history through photographs is a perfect gift book setup, but in this instance, because of the quality of the photographs, it is not as bogus as it usually is.

The Way Life Was: A Photographic Treasury from the American Past, *compiled and written by Jeffrey Simpson.* Praeger (220 pp., $19.95). This is a magnificent collection of pictures, many of them previously unknown, pinning down the years between 1880 and 1915. It shows rural Maine, the American aristocracy as photographed by a young New York lady, Jacob Riis's serial portrait of the Jewish immigration to New York, an awful exposition of child labor by Lewis Hine, and—my own favorite—an album—"In the Big Woods"—about loggers, by Darius Kinsey. Jeffrey Simpson's text is direct, heaped with information that satisfies just the kinds of questions about times past that an intelligent reader might ask. This is a first-rate book.

Steamers, Schooners, Cutters & Sloops: Marine Photographs of N.L. Stebbins Taken 1884 to 1907, *selected and annotated by W.H. Bunting.* Houghton Mifflin Company (129 pp., $10). Stebbins was a commercial photographer from Boston, and W.H. Bunting has chosen some beauties from those of his pictures remaining from more than 15,000 taken of boats. These photographs are not merely pretty; they are dignified, spare and full of information. Before the age of lens filters, it was not possible to monkey around with cloud contrast, so the boats here generally stand alone against a dark grey sea and

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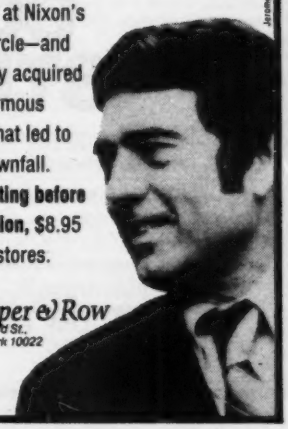

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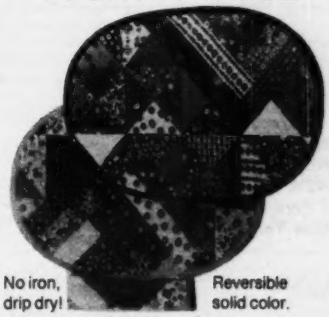

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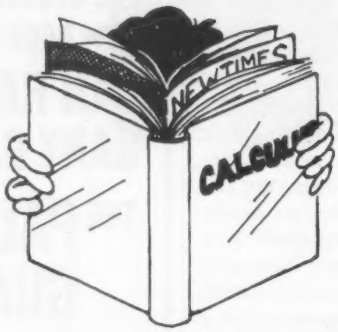

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grey-wash sky. They are stately, noble photographs, and the text by a graduate of Harvard's class of 1969 is noble also. Bunting respects boats and the past, and he does them both honor.

The World Atlas of Food: A Gourmet's Guide to the Great Regional Dishes of the World, *by various editors.* Simon and Schuster (319 pp., $29.95). This seems to be an off year for food books, understandably enough at a time of famine. The book at hand nicely executes a sound idea, dividing itself between a section on ingredients, treated in general terms, and a much longer section on specific national cuisines. These include the recipes for a few fundamental dishes. France is broken down into its various provinces and is given 46 pages, while Yugoslavia, Romania and Bulgaria are dispatched in two pages. The book is well designed, but might have more usefully devoted more space to lesser known cuisines.

America Explored, *by Adrian Johnson.* Viking (252 pp., $25). This is a history of exploration told by facsimiles of old maps and drawings. It begins with the first landfalls on the North American coastline, and ends with the great western expeditions of Lewis and Clark and the Mormons. The maps are instructive, and of themselves aesthetically pleasing. The prose, by an Englishman, is direct and clear, if undistinguished, and the book may be profitably read, as well as looked at.

A History of Polar Exploration, *by David Mountfield.* Dial (208 pp., $14.95). Mountfield is also a young British historian, and his book is an excellent one. Polar conquest is a mighty subject, because travels to the planet's bleakest patches seems a profitless venture. Polar expedition is like mountain climbing, a disinterested enterprise. And like mountain climbing, it is theatrical and obsessive. There are horrible tales here of survival under killing conditions, of vanity and treachery. The story of Shackleton and Scott is worth the price of admission. It is repeated in yet another English historian's account: **Antarctica: The Last Continent**, *by Ian Cameron.* Little, Brown (256 pp., $14.95). Captain Robert Scott's dignified, heroic, Victorian death is sweetly narrated, and the book is thoroughly responsible. But its pictures aren't as exotic or as well reproduced as in Mountfield's book. Why settle for a single pole when two are for sale at the same price?

That's the kind of question that concerns us in the Gift Book Round-up, right?

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The goal post shadows lengthen on the W.F.L.

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

Of a recent Friday night, Johnny Carson chose to blitz the fumbling World Football League. "How many of you watched the W.F.L. play-offs last night?" he asked his faithful audience (they dutifully responded with a puny smattering of claps). "That's just the problem. . . . It's sad when the spectators have to take up a collection before the game—to buy a football" (appreciative laughter). "It looks bad when at half time the players have to go onto the field to form a begging cup . . . and you *know* things have gotten tough when eleven men have to share one supporter." (Lotsa yuks.)

Here's the point: for a true measure of the national standing of any man, woman, child, institution or social phenomenon, pay no attention to Louis Harris, George Gallup, Harry Reasoner or Norman Mailer; tune in instead to *The Tonight Show*. Johnny is the man who hears the heartbeat of the heartland. (I'm not being facetious; I was never really convinced that our former scrub tackle from Whittier was finished until Johnny Carson started making Nixon jokes.) No, when Johnny begins to pick on them, that means they've died but they won't fall down.

So it is with the World Football League, now enmeshed in what are pathetically known as the play-offs. Indeed, the play-offs reflect the breadth of the W.F.L. misadventure. The play-off system fluctuated so wildly that the Florida Blazers studied game films of the Charlotte Hornets (née New York Stars) and Birmingham Americans on successive days before finally learning that their opponent that week was to be the Philadelphia Bell. Said one league spokesman: "Maybe we ought to just have a fist fight to decide who's in the play-offs."

These are just piddling problems, a job for the fly-swatter compared with the plague of fiscal locusts that has befallen the new league. They began the 1974 season with silver hopes and a golden football, and all has turned to dross. A harbinger of hard times was the refusal of a Houston bus driver to drive the Texans to practice unless he received his $61 rental fee in cash. If this seems petty,

understand that the franchise was moving to Shreveport the next day. A group of Portland Storm fans took up a $2,500 collection to provide their desperate players with some pin money. The University of California rented its practice facilities to the Hawaii team, then had to sue the owners whan a check for $9,602 bounced. The Detroit Wheels went flat in October, and three teams—Jacksonville, Birmingham and Portland—have been slapped with I.R.S. liens. As the season draws to a dreary close, the W.F.L. is drowning in some $20 million worth of red ink.

The W.F.L. was founded on a condemned premise: that to the American fan there was no such thing as too much football. Under the aegis of Commissioner Gary Davidson (now deposed), the W.F.L. passed out franchises for a fight song, and sold the idea of week-night football to TVS, an independent sports network. The franchises, in turn, went after some of the glossiest names in the establishment National Football League (the famous Csonka-Kiick-Warfield $3.3 million package, to name but one extravagant example), signing them for a shah's ransom against their future services.

But for the most part owners were promising 40 acres and a mule that they did not have—and would not earn. Tickets were given away like jellybeans. And no matter how stalwart, representatives of Jacksonville and Charlotte do not exactly captivate the imagination of a national TV audience already saturated with three hours of college ball on Saturday, six hours of the N.F.L. on Sunday, and three more hours of the pros *and* Howard Cosell on Monday night.

Like some of the players on his screen, the American fan was beginning to get his bell rung too often. Footballs literally fill the airwaves; gridiron fantasies absurdly abound. Witness the New York Life Insurance ad: the balding civilian threading his way through a team of padded patsies to win financial security for his family. No, our minds—and our households—will be better off without the W.F.L. The game isn't over yet, of course; but, in the parlance of the trade, it is late in the fourth quarter, the W.F.L. is deep in its own territory, down 42-6, and the quarterback has just eloped with his favorite receiver. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

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